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MUS
560
40

MASSACHUSETTS
AGRICULTURAL
COLLEGE
SONGS



Mus 560.40

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NEW AND REVISED EDITION

E. L. Ashley

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE SONGS

Compiled especially for the use of the
ALUMNI AND STUDENTS
OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE



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AMHERST MASS.

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FOREWORD

The interest taken by the students of M.A.C. in mass singing and in song production has grown rapidly since the Interclass Singing Contest was inaugurated in 1910. The quality of the songs produced in this connection has improved constantly so that it is doubtful if there are more than two or three colleges or universities in the country which can at this time present a collection of original songs superior to ours either in numbers or in excellence. It is hoped that the publication of this song book will further stimulate mass singing and original musical production among our students and lead to still more commendable achievement.

This, the second edition of the Massachusetts Agricultural College song book, has been compiled primarily to present in permanent form several original songs of merit which have been produced since the first edition appeared in 1912. It has been thought advisable to include also some of the best songs which are representative of a few other educational institutions.

Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made to the many alumni, students, and friends of the College who have added to the worth of this publication by their valuable contributions, suggestions and other forms of assistance; to our friends from other institutions who have placed at our disposal their college songs; and to the Oliver Ditson Company for helpful suggestions in the arrangement of material.

Ralph J. Watts
Compiler

Massachusetts Agricultural College
Amherst, Mass.
October, 1917

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SONS OF OLD MASSACHUSETTS

7

HOWARD L. KNIGHT '02

BEN CHADWICK

Arranged by CARL SCHULZ

Tempo di Marcia

PIANO

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Tempo di Marcia'. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand features a series of eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with some chordal accompaniment.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in G major, 2/4 time, starting with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The lyrics are: "Bay State's loy - al sons are we, In her praise our For thy col - ors, pure and bright, For thine own Ma -". The piano accompaniment continues with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic, supporting the vocal line with chords and a steady bass line.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody in G major, 2/4 time, with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are: "song shall be, Till we make the wel - kin ring With our roon and White, Glo - rious vic - to - ries we crave: Sym - bols". The piano accompaniment remains at a forte (f) dynamic, providing harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line.

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody in G major, 2/4 time, with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are: "cho - rus as we sing With the trib - ute that we bring. of thy spir - it brave May they long in tri - umph wave.". The piano accompaniment continues at a forte (f) dynamic, ending with a final chord and a steady bass line.

mf

Hol - yoke's hills pro - long the strain, Echo - ing
All thy ster - ling worth re - veal, Grant us

mf

cresc.

to the glad re - frain; And the gent - lest winds pro -
no - bler, man - lier zeal; So though borne by Time's com -

cresc.

claim Far and near thy peer - less fame, Prais - ing e'er thine hon - or'd
mand Far be - yond thy shel - t'ring hand, Still de - vo - ted sons we'll

f

name Mass - - - - a - chu-setts!
stand, Mass - - - - a - chu-setts!

f

CHORUS

TENOR I & II



Loy - al sons of old Mass - a - chu-sets, Faith - ful, stur - dy,

BASS I & II



sons and true; To our grand old Al - ma Ma - ter



Let our song re - sound a - new. Cheer, boys, cheer for old Mass - a -



chu-sets Give our col - lege three times three; Sons for -



ev - er of the old Bay State, Loy - al sons, loy - al sons are we.



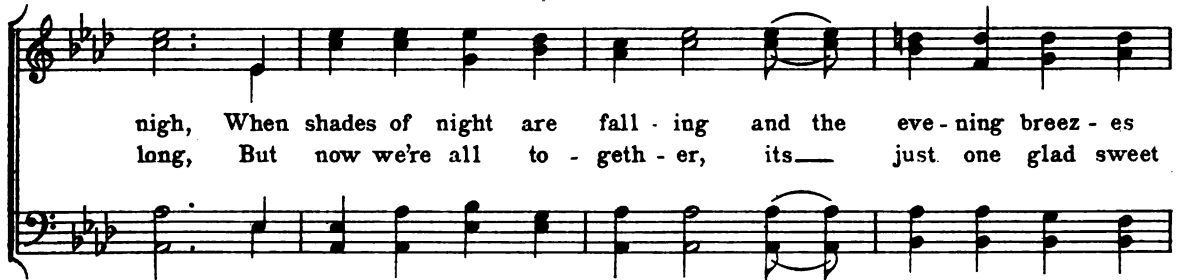
WHEN TWILIGHT SHADOWS DEEPEN

Words and Music by
F. D. GRIGGS, '13

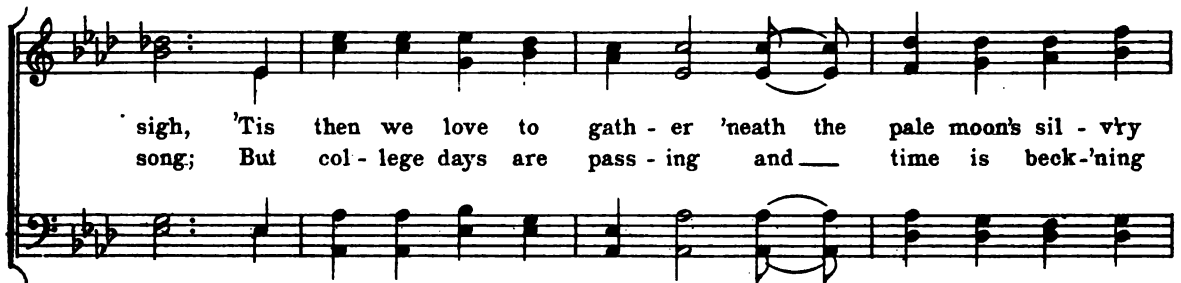
Not too fast



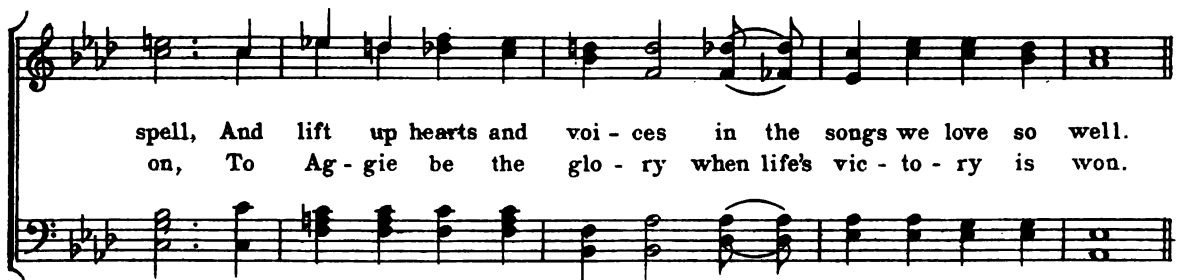
1. When twi - light shad - ows deep - en and the stud - y hour draws
2. When first we came to col - lege the way seemed hard and



nigh, When shades of night are fall - ing and the eve - ning breez - es
long, But now we're all to - geth - er, its just one glad sweet



sigh, 'Tis then we love to gath - er 'neath the pale moon's sil - vry
song; But col - lege days are pass - ing and time is beck - 'ning



spell, And lift up hearts and voi - ces in the songs we love so well.
on, To Ag - gie be the glo - ry when life's vic - to - ry is won.

CHORUS
Very slowly



Sons of old Mass - a - chu - setts, de - vo - ted sons and true;

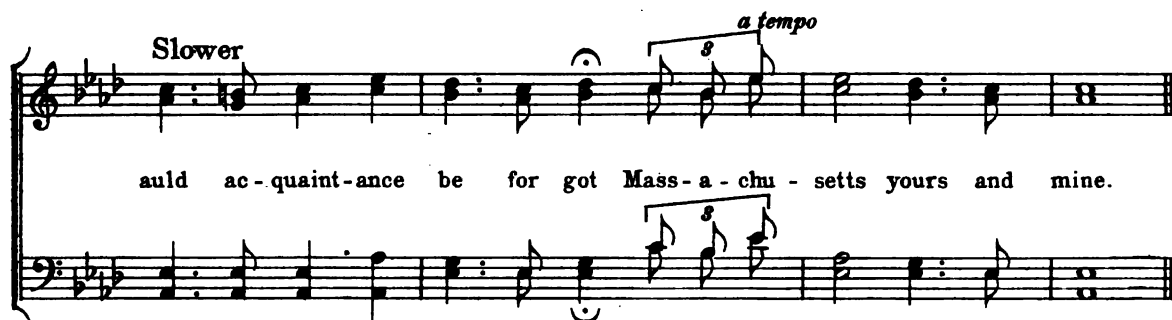


"Ag - gie" old "Ag - gie" we'll give our best to you.



Thee our Al - ma Ma - ter, we'll cher - ish for all time, Should

Slower



auld ac - quaint - ance be for got Mass - a - chu - setts yours and mine.

HERE'S TO YOU, MY ALMA MATER

Words and Music by
C. T. SMITH, '18



1. Here's to you my Al - ma Ma - ter, Drink a toast to M. A.
2. Fill your glas - ses to the brim boys For this is old Ag - gie's

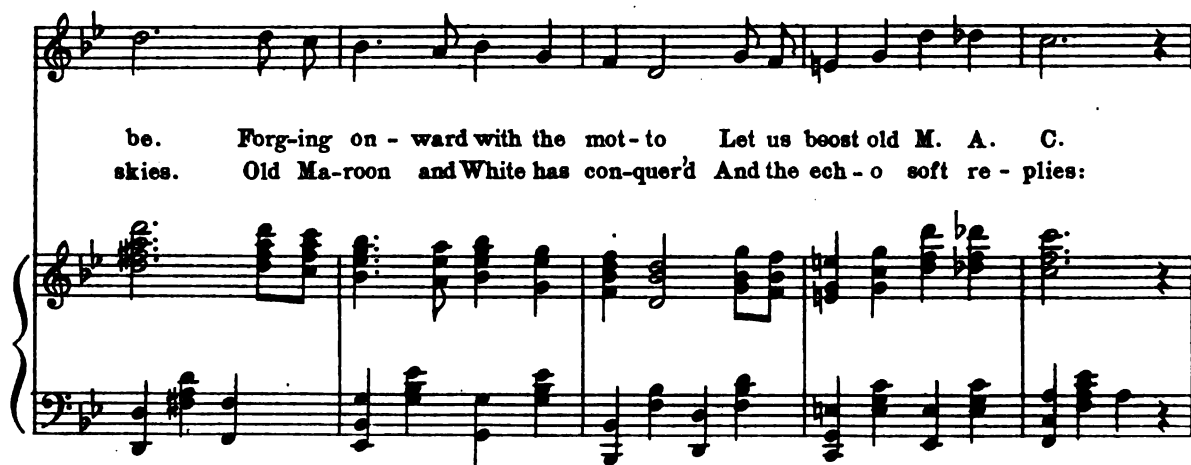


C., To the brav - est and the fair - est May we ev - er loy - al
day, On the field her teams have tri - umph'd Let us now our trib - ute



be. Now to thee we pledge de - vo - tion; Ev - er - more thy sons we'll
pay. Sing our Al - ma Ma - ter's prais - es Raise the cho - rus to the





be. Forging on - ward with the mot-to Let us boast old M. A. C.
 skies. Old Ma-noon and White has con-quer'd And the ech-o soft re - plies:



Mas - sa-chu-setts thine are we Since the good old days of yore;



Thine for-ev-er we shall be Mas-sa - chu-setts for-ev-er - more.

JOLLY STUDENTS

Words and Music by
L.W. CHAPMAN
'08

VOICE

1. As jol - ly stud - ents we sing our song, Hur - rah! — Hur - rah! — We
2. With - out a thought or a care in life, We are! — We are! — We're

PIANO

shout and sing as we march a - long Hur - rah! — Hur - rah! — We'll
out at best for a jol - ly good time, We are! — We are! — Then

all join in at the ju - bi - lee, We'll cheer our team to the vic - to - ry, We're
up, boys, up for the White and Ma - roon, Off with your hats while we sing our tune, Now

(shout)

jol - ly stud - ents of Mass - a - chu - setts State. Rah! Rah!
sing - boys, sing — with all — your might and main. Rah! Rah!

*) *CHORUS (Air in 2^d Tenor)*

TENOR I & II



Then cheer! cheer! cheer! For our team is out to fight, They're boys that know no fear Oh,

BASS I & II



cheer! cheer! cheer! For Al - ma Ma - ter bright, The col - lege we hold most dear, We'll



drink a toast to Mass - a - chu - setts men, The Sons of old Bay State, Our



D.C.

col - lege dear, We'll be true to thee, Thy deeds com - mem - o - rate. —



*) If accompanied play Tenor parts an octave lower than written.

EVENING HYMN

Words by
MAE F. HOLDEN '16

Music by
FRANK A. ANDERSON '16

With expression

1. Al-ma Mat-er, while the shad-ows gent-ly fall, Hi-ding all the
2. Thou hast plant-ed in our hearts the seeds of truth, May we cher-ish

gold-en glo-ry of the West, While the birds their songs are hush-ing,
them with lov-ing ten-der care, Heed-ing still the words of warn-ing,

and the sounds of day are still, And the si-lence of the eve-ning soothes to rest.
as the path of life we tread, Let us yet the high-est heights of tri-umph dare.

Then thy sons, they pledge a new their love to thee, Bind-ing clos-er
Col-lege dear, may bless-ing all thy way at-tend, Ne'er be-fore was

yet each loy-al faith-ful heart; Once a-gain the air is ring-ing
Al-ma Mat-er loved like thee; Calm and bright, thy guid-ing star

with the mu-sic of our song Ere we from the shel-ter of thy care de-part.
Beaming from the far-thest goal Lead thee on tri-um-ph-ant to thy vic-to-ry.

FAREWELL TO "AGGIE"

17

Words and Music by
F. D. GRIGGS, '13

There comes a time when col - lege days, So
Four years of work and growth have been These

dear to all must have an end: And now that time has come, when
years of col - lege life so free. We'll join the race and let them

REFRAIN

we Must hit the trail on life's as - cent. Then
hear From Mas - sa - chu - setts qual - i - ty.

Very slowly

fare-well to "Ag - gie," Our Al - ma Ma - ter true, Then fare-well, the

hour comes When we must bid a - dieu. Then here's to our col - lege In our

hearts she'll be nigh, So fare-well to "Ag - gie," But not good - bye.

DEAR OLD MASSACHUSETTS

Words and Music by
F. D. GRIGGS
'13

VOICE

There is a cer - tain val - ley, By a riv - er's gold - en

PIANO

strand: Where stands a no - ble col - lege, The

fair - est in the land; Well known through-out our

coun - try, For her truth and loy - al - ty; Old

Bay State's pride and glo - ry, She will al - ways be.

CHORUS

TENOR I & II

Dear old Mass - a - chu - setts — Brave old Mass - a -

BASS I & II

chu - setts — Hon - or and praise, Through-out thy days, We'll

ren - der un - to thee. — Dear old Al - ma

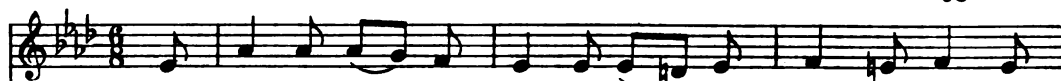
Ma - ter, — Grand old Al - ma Ma - ter, —

True as of yore, For - ev - er more, Thy loy - al sons we'll be.

ON THE FIELD

Words and Music by
D. P. MILLER
'08

VOICE



There on the field we've got a team that knows the way to

PIANO



play; Here on the line we'll shout and sing, And help them win the day. — A -



round the cam - pus fire to - night we'll ral - ly as of yore, — And



North and South shall ech - o forth the long yell and the score. —



CHORUS (Air in 2^d Tenor)

TENOR I & II

Crash through the line, now bat - ter down the ends, Fight, fight for

BASS I & II

Crash through the line, now bat - ter down the ends, Fight, fight for

(shout)

ev - ry yard, our hon - or to de - fend. For Bay State once a - gain, Rah!

Rah! You have con-quer'd foes be - fore, To your vic - tims add one more.

Rah! You have con-quer'd foes be - fore, To your vic - tims add one more.

Make a - noth - er touch-down and swell up the score, For the old bell will

ring and to - night we will sing Mass-a - chu - setts for ev - er - more.

ring and to - night we will sing Mass-a - chu - setts for ev - er - more.

BAY STATE'S SONS FOREVER

GEORGE P. NICKERSON '12

FRANK A. PROUTY
'10

TENOR I & II

BASS I & II

We gath - er here to sing our song and help to win the

fight We stand for Al - ma Ma - ter Old Mass - a - chu - setts bright, Our

Sons shall lead in hon - or on field, in Hall of Fame. We'll stand by her for -

ev - er and raise on high her name — Bay State's sons for - ev - er, Ma -

roon and white our guide. All praise to thee our col - lege dear old

Mass - a - chu - setts tried We will ev - er hail thee Hon - or'd Moth - er

dear, While North and South will ech - o long with heart - y yell and cheer. —

ONWARD TO VICTORY

F. A. PROUTY 10

Tune: Give my regards to Broadway
GEORGE M. COHAN*(Air in 2nd Tenor)*

TENOR I & II

BASS I & II

On-ward to vic - try Bay State, for you are the chos - en

one Tear up the line of scrim - age, boys, and you will

have them on the run. Re - mem - ber that we are with you, to

cheer you to the whis - tle's call. You are the boys of

old Bay State, and all we ask is to rush that ball. *(shout)* *D.C.*
Rah! Rah! Rah!
D.C.

CHEER OLD MASSACHUSETTS

RAYMOND J. FISKE '10

FRANK A. PROUTY
'10

VOICE

1. By New-Eng-land's no - ble ri - ver Stands the col - lege we love
 2. Skirt - ed by the grass - y mead - ows, Hedged by fruit - ful or - chards
 3. We are sons of old Mass' - chu - setts, True and loy - al sons are

PIANO

best, With hap - piest re - col - lec - tions And
 wide, And bound by fer - tile plains That
 we; More fair than thou - sand oth - ers, Our

fond - est mem - ries blest; If in years to come we
 deck the ri - vers side; Near the hills and ci - ties
 glor - ious M. A. C. When we join our eld - er

wan - der Far be - yond its shel - t'ring - care Let
 stor - ied For their beau - ty wealth and fame; Raise
 bro - thers, Scat - ter'd far o'er land and sea, Till

June find us re - new - ing Friend - ships we once cher - ished there.
 old Bay State's — ban - ners, To the skies once more her name.
 death, O Al - ma Ma - ter, Still our guide and pat - tern be.

CHORUS (Air 2nd Tenor)

TENOR I & II

Then cheer old Mass - a - chu - setts, Oh cheer old Bay State's
 BASS I & II

Pride, For hon - or'd Al - ma Ma - ter We'll stand what e'er be -

tide; In many a well fought bat - tle Came con - qu'ror from the

fight, Then cheer our grand old col - lege And our Ma-roon and White.

D.C.

MASS. AGGIE—HERE'S TO THEE

Words and Music by
W. W. THAYER '17

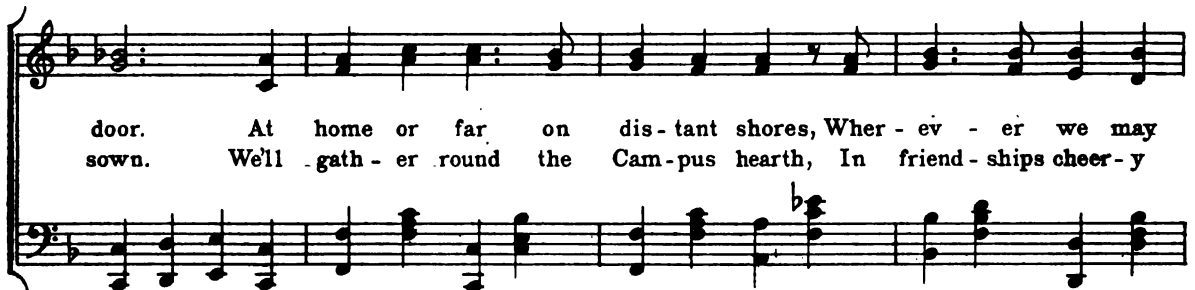
Con anima



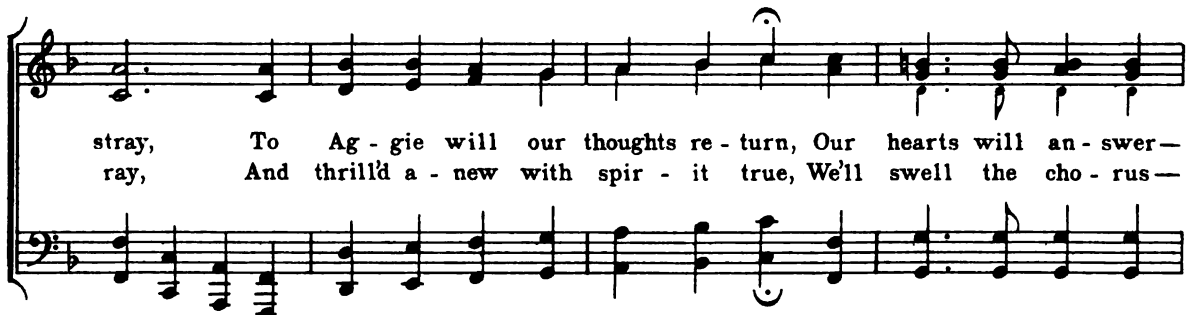
1. With spir - it ev - er loy - al — We are gath - er'd here once
2. We've fought to win thee glo - ry; — We have made thy ban - ners



more, To pay the tri - bute ev - er due At Al - ma Ma - ter's.
known; And gen - er - a - tions fol - lowing on, Shall nurse the seed we've



door. At home or far on dis - tant shores, Wher - ev - er we may
sown. We'll gath - er round the Cam - pus hearth, In friend - ships cheer - y



stray, To Ag - gie will our thoughts re - turn, Our hearts will an - swer—
ray, And thrill'd a - new with spir - it true, We'll swell the cho - rus—

CHORUS

a tempo marcato

Yee-ay! We'll fight for old Mass. Ag-gie, And for Mass-a-chus-etts'

fame, We'll spread a broad her glo-ry, And we'll tri-umph in her

name. Ma-roon and White vic-to-rious Shall our bat-tle en-sign

be; And we'll sing and cheer to-geth-er, Mass. Ag-gie! Here's to thee.

FROM MT. GREYLOCK TO THE OCEAN

D. P. MILLER - '08

(Men of Harlech)

Old Welsh Air

Arranged by JAMES TILLEARD

Con fuoco

mf

TENOR I & II

BASS I & II

mf

From Mt. Grey - lock to the o - cean Swell - ing in its

on - ward mo - tion, Rings our watch - word of de - vo - tion,

Old Bay State must win. Mass - a - chu - setts

men be - fore you, Mass - a - chu - setts soil that bore you,

Ur - gen - tly all these im - plore you, Make old Bay State win.

1st time Solo
2d time Chorus

mf

Through, a - round and un - der, Tear their line a -

cresc.

sun - der, The hills a - round, with joy - ful sound Shall

f

ech - o — back — our — thun - der. Do your best, you

know they fear you, Play the — game, we're here to cheer you,


ff

Ev - ry in - stant we are near you Old Bay State shall win.

FIGHT ON TO VICTORY



Words and Music by
FRED D. GRIGGS
'18

TENOR I & II




1. Ag - gie men are gath - er'd to cheer old Bay State on,
2. Ev - 'ry year the bat - tle is fought more des - per - 'tely;


BASS I & II



Loy - al to the col - lege till the vic - to - ry is won.
Ev - 'ry year old Ag - gie shows un - dy - ing loy - al - ty,





Ag - gie songs are swell - ing those good old songs of yore, And
Vic - tors or the van - quish'd, her spir - it is the same, Ma -

Ag - gie cheers go thun - d'ring up - ward, like a can - nons roar; Then
roon and White has won the fight, her boys have play'd the game; Once

cheer with might and main, sing out the glad re - frain:
more we'll sing and cheer for Al - ma Ma - ter dear:



REFRAIN

Ag - gie, my Ag - gie, We are here to cheer you on to

vic - to - ry. So you must fight on, oh Ag - gie, if

you would nev - er, nev - er know de - feat; You do your

best boys, loy - al to your col - ors then you'll be; Be - lov - ed

Ag - gie, my Ag - gie, fight on to vic - to - ry. D.C.

Yell: Mass! Mass! Ra-Ra-Ra-Ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra, Massachusetts,
Massachusetts, M-A-S-S-A-C-H-U-S-E-T-T-S, Massachusetts,
Team, Team, Team.

BOOST OLD AGGIE

Words and Music by
E. K. WATTS

PIANO

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and a short melodic line, while the left hand plays a steady bass line with chords. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

1. Ag-gie's flag is float-ing o'er the cam-pus, Float-ing free and bright,
2. Ag-gie holds a-loft her no-ble stan-dard, Bids the world take heed;

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Ag-gie's men are scat-ter'd o'er the na-tion, Men of brain and might.
Ag-gie writes a-broad her earn-est pur-pose, Where the world may read.

The second system continues the song with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part uses chords and a bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Ag-gie calls us to a loy-al ser-vice, Cour-age true and strong;
When her e-ne-mies most thick-ly gath-er, We her sons will stand;

The third system concludes the song with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part uses chords and a bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

She will lead where the world has need, And we'll fol - low with a song.
Fight-ing still with a might-y will, Fling our war cry o'er the land.

Boost old Ag - gie, Sing her prais - es in a joy - ful cho - rus,

Al - ma Ma - ter, Let her hon - or be the goal be - fore us.

Raise her col - ors, They shall lead us to a brave suc - cess;

Boost old Ag - gie, Long may she live her loy - al sons to bless.

COLLEGE HYMN

Words and Music by
D. P. MILLER
'08

Moderato

TENOR I & II

Our Col - lege dear, 'tis e'er for thee We raise on
We praise the hills and val - leys near That watch o'er
Our pray'rs shall ev - er be for thee, Our Al - ma

BASS I & II

high our hymn of praise; For thee and thy Ma - roon and
thee with their sweet cheer, Thy sterl - ing worth, thy man - ly
Ma - ter, M. A. C. Thy col - lege of all oth - ers

white, Our own Bay State, and col - ors bright, Our cho - rus
zeal, Thy will - ing hands and hearts of steel, Thy spir - it
blest, The col - lege that our hearts love best. May God's own

shall in tri - umph roll, Thy prais - es be for - ev - er told!
brave that knows no fear, To these we ech - o back our cheer!
bless - ing rest with thee, Our Al - ma Ma - ter, M. A. C!

D. C.

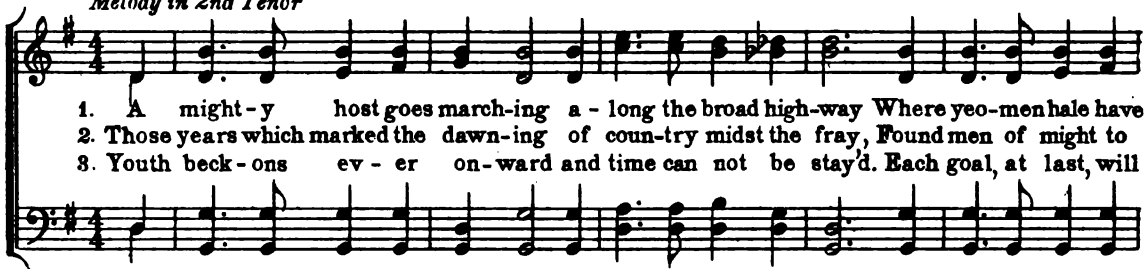
LEAD ON, O MASSACHUSETTS

(A NEW COLLEGE HYMN)

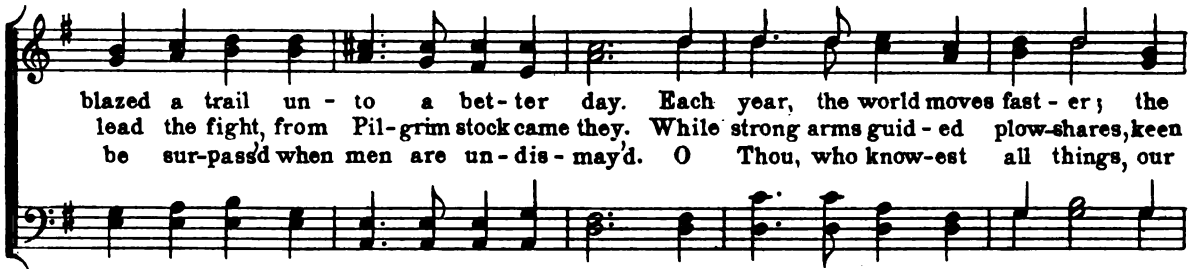
35

Words and Music by
FRED D. GRIGGS, '18

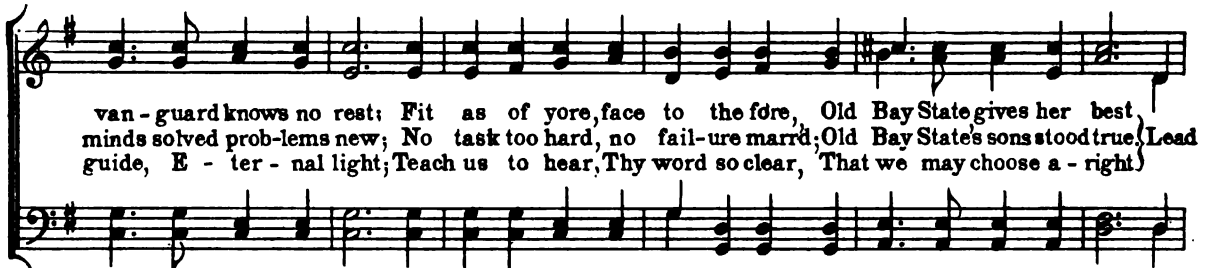
Melody in 2nd Tenor



1. A might-y host goes march-ing a - long the broad high-way Where yeo-men hale have
2. Those years which marked the dawn-ing of coun-try midst the fray, Found men of might to
3. Youth beck- ons ev - er on-ward and time can not be stay'd. Each goal, at last, will



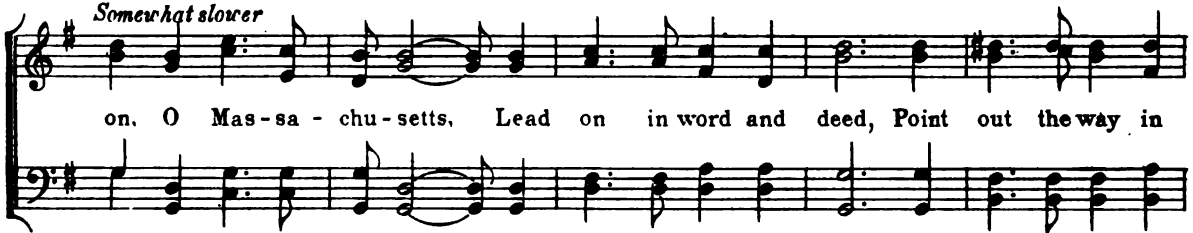
blazed a trail un - to a bet-ter day. Each year, the world moves fast - er; the
lead the fight, from Pil-grim stock came they. While strong arms guid - ed plow-shares, keen
be sur-passed when men are un-dis-may'd. O Thou, who know-est all things, our



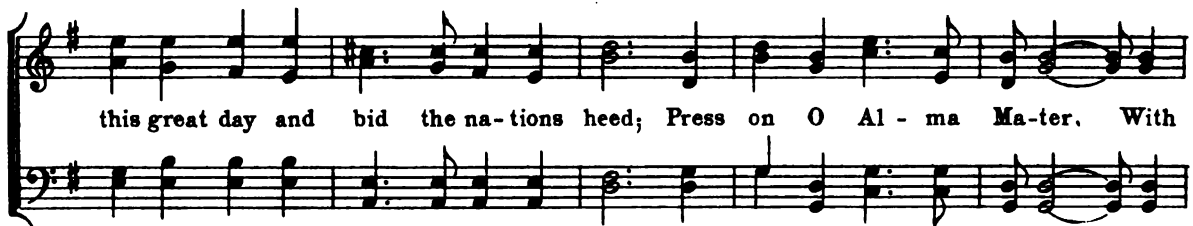
van-guard knows no rest; Fit as of yore, face to the fore, Old Bay State gives her best
minds solved prob-lems new; No task too hard, no fail-ure marr'd; Old Bay State's sons stood true, Lead
guide, E - ter - nal light; Teach us to hear, Thy word so clear, That we may choose a - right)

REFRAIN

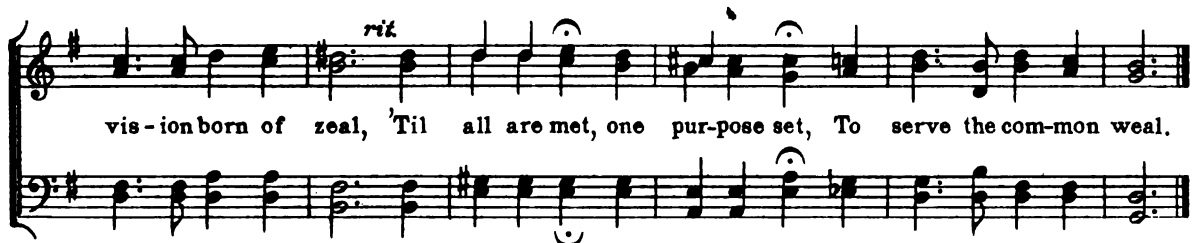
Somewhat slower



on. O Mas-sa - chu - setts, Lead on in word and deed, Point out the way in



this great day and bid the na-tions heed; Press on O Al - ma Ma-ter, With



vis-ion born of zeal, 'Til all are met, one pur-pose set, To serve the com-mon weal.

CHEER FOR OLD AMHERST

Words and Music by
J. N. PIERCE '02

Tempo di Marcia

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di Marcia'. The vocal part is written on a single staff with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Come and sing, all ye loy - al Am - herst men, Come and
 2. Soon our foe shall our strength in con - flict know, Soon our

give a rous - ing cheer, Join our line as we
 pow - er they shall feel, Van - quish'd then they'll give

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march a - long so fine, With hearts that have no fear.
way to Am-herst men, Whose cords are strong as steel.

Left and right 'neath the pur - ple and the white, We will
Then let's hear ring - ing out an - oth - er cheer, Which will

march in bold ar - ray, So ev - 'ry - bod - y
drive de - feat a - way, So ev - 'ry - bod - y

shout and sing, for this is old Am - herst's day.
shout and sing, for this is old Am - herst's day.

CHORUS

Cheer for — old Am - herst Am-herst — must win, —

The first system of the chorus features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are "Cheer for — old Am - herst Am-herst — must win, —". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Fight to — the fin - ish, Nev - er — give in, —

The second system continues the chorus with the lyrics "Fight to — the fin - ish, Nev - er — give in, —". The musical notation follows the same pattern as the first system, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

All play — your best, boys, We'll do — the rest, boys,

The third system contains the lyrics "All play — your best, boys, We'll do — the rest, boys,". The piano accompaniment includes some sustained chords in the right hand.

Fight for — the vic - to - ry. —

The final system of the chorus has the lyrics "Fight for — the vic - to - ry. —". It concludes with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment features some sustained chords in the right hand.

MEN OF DARTMOUTH

39

Words by
RICHARD HOVEY '85

Music by
H. R. WELLMAN '07

give a rouse
men of old
set a watch

1. Men of Dart-mouth give a rouse
2. They were might-y men of old
3. Men of Dart-mouth, set a watch

For the col-lege on the
That she nur-tured at her
Lest the old tra-di-tions

give a rouse
men of old
set a watch

hill, ——— For the lone pine a - bove her, And the
side; ——— Till like Vi - kings they went forth From the
faill ——— Stand as broth - - er stands by broth - er! Dare a

loy - al sons who love her;
lone and si - lent North, —
deed for the old Moth - er!

Give a rouse, give a rouse with a
And they strove and they wrought, and they
Greet the world, from the hills, with a

(in octaves)

ff

will. For the sons of old Dart-mouth, the stur - dy sons of
 died; But the sons of old Dart-mouth, the lau - relled sons of
 hail! For the sons of old Dart-mouth, the loy - al sons of

ff

Dart-mouth, Tho' 'round the gir - dled earth they roam, Her spell on them re -
 Dart-mouth, The Moth - er keeps them in her heart, And guards their al - tar -
 Dart-mouth, A - round the world they keep for her Their old chiv - al - ric

mains. They have the still North in their hearts, The
 flame; The still North re - mem - bers them, — The
 faith; They have the still North in their souls, The

hill winds in their veins, And the gran-ite of New
 hill winds know their name, And the gran-ite of New
 hill winds in their breath; And the gran-ite of New

Hamp-shire In their mus-cles and their brains: And the
 Hamp-shire Keeps the rec-ord of their fame. And the
 Hamp-shire Is made part of them till death. And the

gran-ite of New Hamp-shire In their mus-cles and their brains.
 gran-ite of New Hamp-shire Keeps the rec-ord of their fame.
 gran-ite of New Hamp-shire Is made part of them till death.

molto rit.

molto rit.

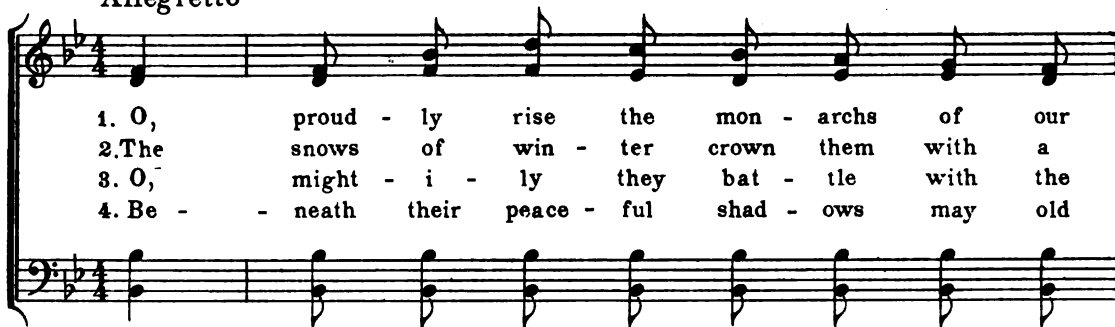
molto rit.

Ad.


THE MOUNTAINS

Words and Music by
DR. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, '59
(Williams)

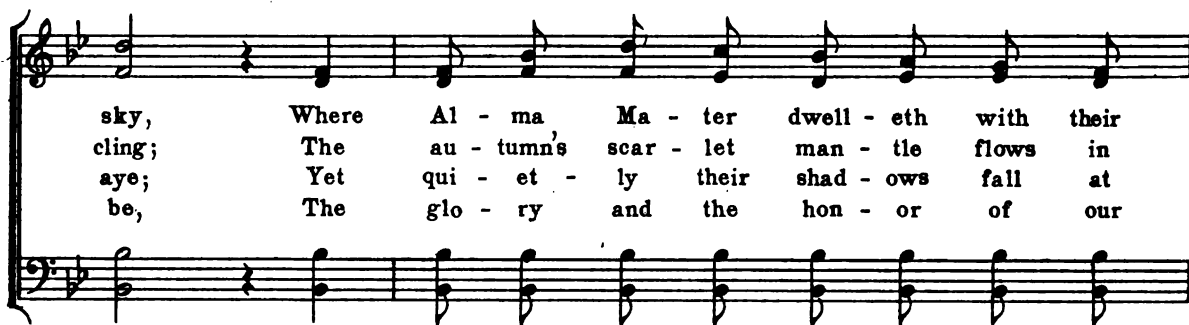
Allegretto



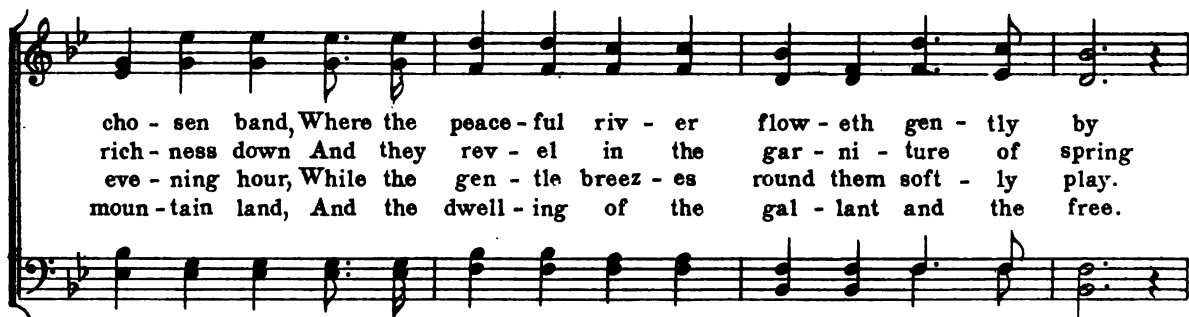
1. O, proud - ly rise the mon - archs of our
2. The snows of win - ter crown them with a
3. O, might - i - ly they bat - tle with the
4. Be - - neath their peace - ful shad - ows may old



moun - tain land With their king - ly for - est robes to the
crys - tal crown, And the sil - ver clouds of sum - mer round them.
storm king's pow'r; And con - quer - ors shall tri - umph here for
Wil - liams stand Till suns and moun - tains nev - er - more shall

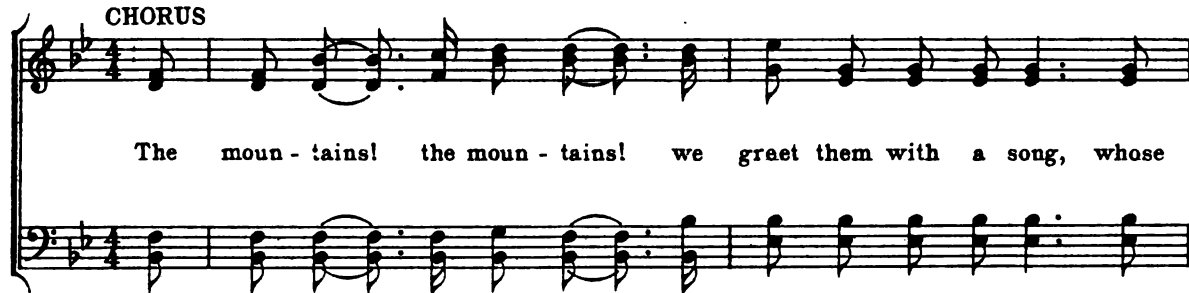


sky, Where Al - ma Ma - ter dwell - eth with their
cling; The au - tumn's scar - let man - tie flows in
aye; Yet qui - et - ly their shad - ows fall at
be, The glo - ry and the hon - or of our



cho - sen band, Where the peace - ful riv - er flow - eth gen - tly by
rich - ness down And they rev - el in the gar - ni - ture of spring
eve - ning hour, While the gen - tle breez - es round them soft - ly play.
moun - tain land, And the dwell - ing of the gal - lant and the free.

CHORUS



The moun - tains! the moun - tains! we greet them with a song, whose



ech - oes — re - bound - ing — their wood - land heights a - long, Shall



min - gle — with an - thems that winds and foun - tains sing, Till



hill and val - ley gai - ly, gai - ly ring.

FAIR HARVARD.

Andante. mf

1. Fair Har-vard! thy sons to thy ju-bi-lee throng, And with bless-ings sur-ren-der thee
2. To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in-fan-tile

o'er, By these fes-ti-val rites, from the age that is past, To the age that is wait-ing be-
years, When our fa-thers had warn-ed, and our moth-ers had pray-ed, And our sis-ters had blest, thro' their

fore. O rel-ic and type of our an-ces-tor's worth, That has long kept their mem-o-ry
tears; Thou then wert our pa-rent, the nurse of our souls, We were mould-ed to man-hood by

warm, First flow'r of their wil-der-ness! star of their night, Calm ris-ing thro' change and thro' storm!
thee, Till freight-ed with treas-ure-tho'ts friendships, and hopes, Thou did'st launch us on Des-ti-ny's sea.

3 When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
To what kindlings the season gives birth!
Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
Than descend on less privileged earth;
For the good and the great, in their beautiful prime,
Through thy precincts have musingly trod;
As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams
That make glad the fair city of God.

4 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
As the world on truth's current glides by;
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

BRIGHT COLLEGE YEARS

H S DURAND, '81
(YALE)

CARL WILHELM

1. Bright col-lege years, with plea-sure rife, The short-est glad-dest years of life; How
2. We all must leave this col-lege home, A - bout the storm-y world to roam; But

swift - ly are ye glid - ing, by! Oh, why doth time so quick - ly fly! The
tho' the might - y o - ceans' tide Should us from dear old Yale di - vide, As

sea - sons come, the sea - sons go, The earth is green or white with snow, But time and
round the oak the i - vy twines The cling - ing ten - drills of its vines, So are our

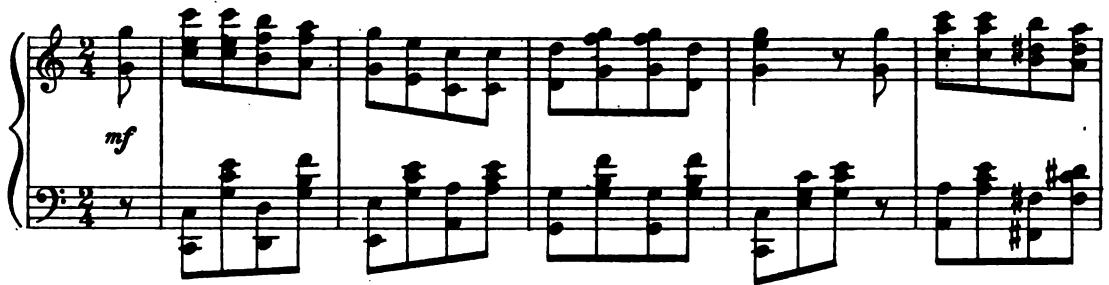
change - shall naught a - vail To break the friend - ships form'd at Yale.
hearts - close bound to Yale By ties of love - that ne'er shall fail.

3.
In after life, should troubles rise
To cloud the blue of sunny skies,
How bright will seem, thro' memory's haze
The happy, golden, bygone days!
Oh, let us strive that ever we
May let these words our watch-cry be,
Where'er upon life's sea we sail:
"For God, for Country, and for Yale."

THE RED AND BLUE

HARRY E. WESTERVELT, '98

W. J. GOECKEL, '96



mf

1. Come all ye loy - al
 2. One col - or's in the
 3. How oft - en when on
 4. And then up - on the
 5. And now thro' all the

 The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The piano part includes a *mf* marking.

class - men now, In hall and cam - pus through, Lift
 blush - ing rose, The oth - er tints the clouds, And
 fields of sport, We've seen our boys go through, The
 breast of her, Whose heart beats warm and true, It
 years to come, In midst of toil and care, We'll

 The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

up your heart and voi - ces for the Roy - al Red and
 when to - geth - er both dis - close We're hap - py as the
 ver - y air was rent in twain With cheers for Red and
 is the dear - est sight of all To see our Red and
 get new in - spi - ra - tion from The col - ors wav - ing

Blue, Fair Har - vard has her crim - son Old
 gods, We ask no oth - er em - blem No
 Blue, We knew that vic - t'ry then was ours All
 Blue, She wears them with a smile so bright It
 there, And when to all our col - lege life We've

Yale her col - ors too, But for - dear Penn - syl -
 oth - er sign to view, We on - ly ask to
 else we might es - chew, If on - ly we could
 wakes our hearts a - new, To swear e - ter - nal
 said our last a - dieu, We'll nev - er say a -

rit.

va - ni - a, We wear the Red and Blue.
 see and cheer Our col - ors Red and Blue.
 wave and sing, Our col - ors Red and Blue.
 loy - al - ty, To dear old Red and Blue.
 dieu to thee, Our col - ors Red and Blue.

ff CHORUS *Unison*

Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Penn-syl - va - ni - a, Hur - rah for the red and the

rit. Blue; Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah for the Red and Blue. *a tempo*

Without Accomp.

1st TENOR

2d TENOR *Melody*

Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Penn-syl - va - ni - a, Hur - rah for the Red and the

1st BASS

2d BASS

Blue, — Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah for the Red and Blue.

ALMA MATER

(Cornell)

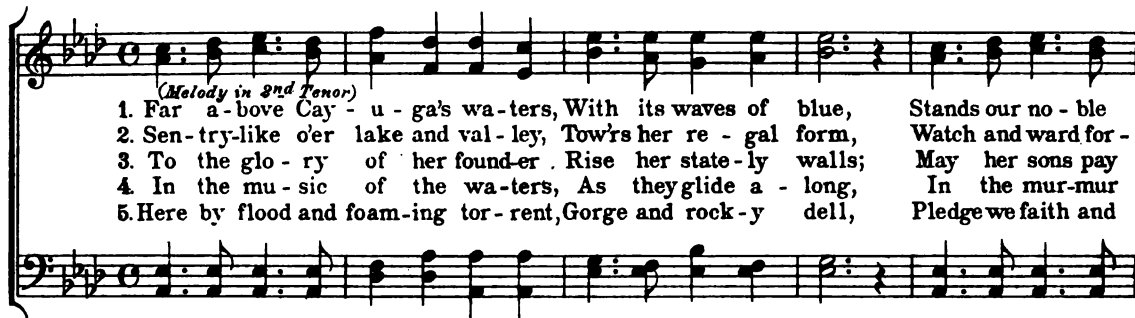
(MEN'S VOICES)

49

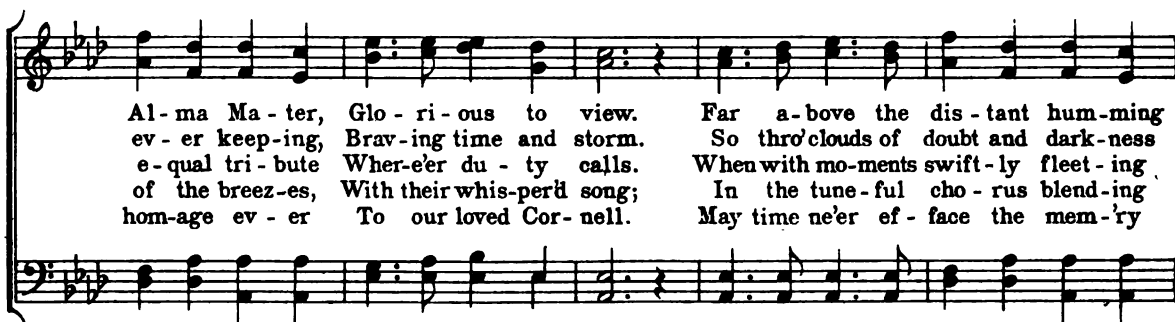
Words by ARCHIBALD C. WEEKS
Cornell '72

H. S. THOMPSON
Melody "Annie Lisle"

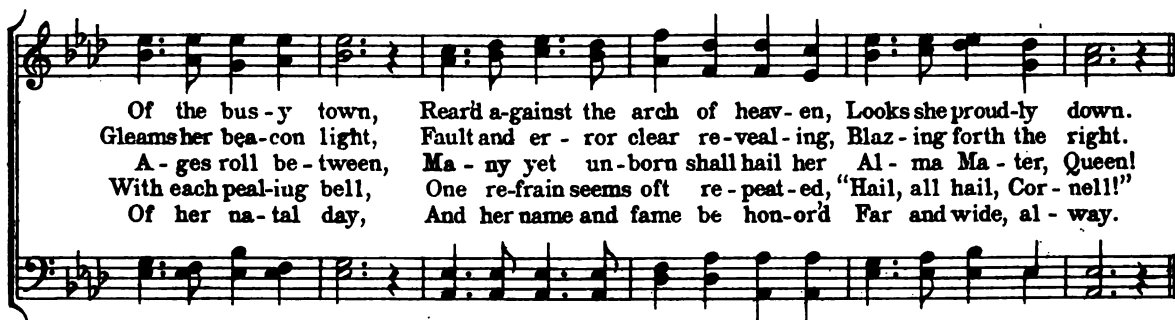
(Melody in 2nd Tenor)



1. Far a - bove Cay - u - ga's wa - ters, With its waves of blue, Stands our no - ble
2. Sen - try - like o'er lake and val - ley, Tow'rs her re - gal form, Watch and ward for -
3. To the glo - ry of her found - er. Rise her state - ly walls; May her sons pay
4. In the mu - sic of the wa - ters, As they glide a - long, In the mur - mur
5. Here by flood and foam - ing tor - rent, Gorge and rock - y dell, Pledge we faith and

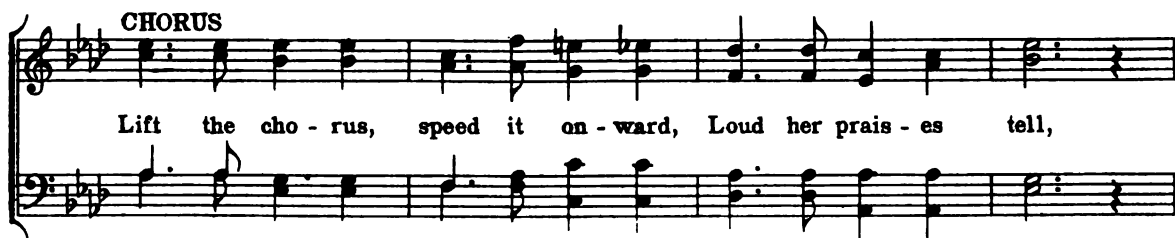


Al - ma Ma - ter, Glo - ri - ous to view. Far a - bove the dis - tant hum - ming
ev - er keep - ing, Brav - ing time and storm. So thro' clouds of doubt and dark - ness
e - qual tri - bute Wher - e'er du - ty calls. When with mo - ments swift - ly fleet - ing
of the breez - es, With their whis - per'd song; In the tune - ful cho - rus blend - ing
hom - age ev - er To our loved Cor - nell. May time ne'er ef - face the mem - ry



Of the bus - y town, Reard a - gainst the arch of heav - en, Looks she proud - ly down.
Gleams her bea - con light, Fault and er - ror clear re - veal - ing, Blaz - ing forth the right.
A - ges roll be - tween, Ma - ny yet un - born shall hail her Al - ma Ma - ter, Queen!
With each peal - ing bell, One re - frain seems oft re - peat - ed, "Hail, all hail, Cor - nell!"
Of her na - tal day, And her name and fame be hon - or'd Far and wide, al - way.

CHORUS



Lift the cho - rus, speed it on - ward, Loud her prais - es tell,



Hail to thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter, Hail to thee, Cor - nell!

THE PRAYER OF JOHN CHAPMAN

WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

CHARLES DIVEN CAMPBELL

p

1. O Fa - ther in Heav - en, Thy sun - shine and rain Send
down on these plant - ings of our dai - ly joy and pain! Grant
fruit - age a thous - and - fold for all our fel - low - men, And
rest 'neath the stars un - til the morn - ing come a - gain!

2. O Father in Heaven, Thy holy angels send
To guide our homeward journey till Thy smile shall crown the end!
As orchards in springtime may our lives be fragrant then,
When Heaven gleams through death and when the morning comes again.
3. O Father in Heaven, hear Thou our evening prayer!
O grant us, until the harvest strip our branches bare,
To walk in the sunlight of Eternity, and then
To rest 'neath the stars until Thy morning come again!

LOVELY NIGHT

CHWATAL

TENOR I & II

BASS I & II

p *f*

1. Love-ly night! O love-ly night! Spread-ing o-ver hill and
 2. Ho-ly night! O ho-ly night! Plac-ing bright-er worlds be-

mead-ow, Soft and slow thy ha-zy shad-ow; Soon our wea-ried
 fore us; Hap-pi-ness thou shed-dest o'er us; Oh, that we might

eye-lids close, And slum-ber in thy blest re- pose.
 ne'er re- turn To this dull earth, to weep and mourn!

p *f* *calando* *pp*

Soon our wea-ried eye-lids close, And slum-ber in thy blest re- pose.
 Oh, that we might ne'er re- turn To this dull earth, to weep and mourn!

p *f* *calando* *pp*

THE PRAYER OF JOHN CHAPMAN

WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

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LOVELY NIGHT

CHWATAL

TENOR I & II

1. Love - ly night! O love - ly night! Spread - ing o - ver hill and
 2. Ho - ly night! O ho - ly night! Plac - ing bright - er worlds be -

BASS I & II

mead - ow, Soft and slow thy ha - zy shad - ow; Soon our wea - ried
 fore us; Hap - pi - ness thou shed - dest o'er us; Oh, that we might


eye - lids close, And slum - ber in thy blest re - pose.
 ne'er re - turn To this dull earth, to weep and mourn!

Soon our wea - ried eye - lids close, And slum - ber in thy blest re - pose.
 Oh, that we might ne'er re - turn To this dull earth, to weep and mourn!

p *f* *calando* *pp*

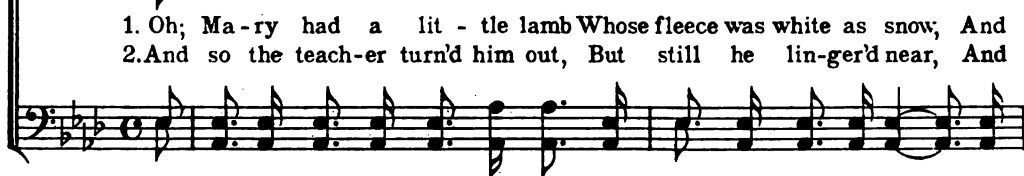

SON OF A GAMBOLIER

TENOR I & II

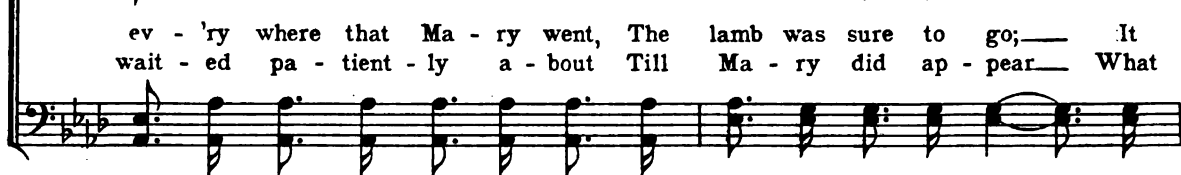



1. Oh; Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb Whose fleece was white as snow; And
2. And so the teach-er turn'd him out, But still he lin-ger'd near, And

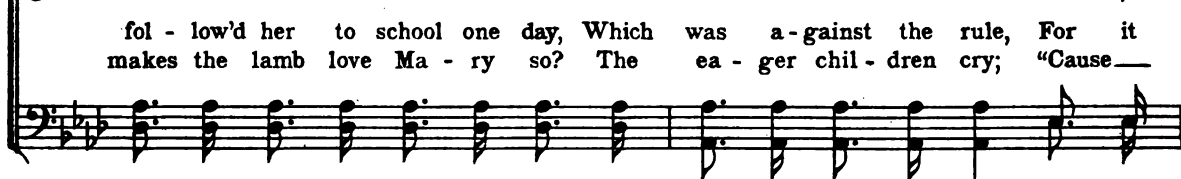

BASS I & II



ev - 'ry where that Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go;— It
wait - ed pa - tient - ly a - bout Till Ma - ry did ap - pear— What

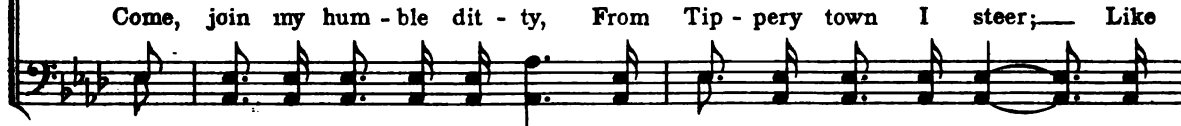

fol - low'd her to school one day, Which was a - gainst the rule, For it
makes the lamb love Ma - ry so? The ea - ger chil - dren cry; "Cause—


made the chil - dren laugh and play To see a lamb at school.
Ma - ry loves the lamb you know" The teach - er did re - ply.

Come, join my hum - ble dit - ty, From Tip - pery town I steer;— Like

ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low I take my la - ger beer; Like



ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low I drink my whis - key clear, I'm a

ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, The son of a Gam - bo - lier, the

son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gam - bo - lier, the

son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gam - bo - lier, Like

ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low, I drink my whis - key clear, I'm a

ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, The son of a Gam - bo - lier.

D.C.

AGGIE.

A MARCHING OR STREET SONG.

CHORUS. TENORS. *Tempo di Marcia.*

Here's to M. A. C., drink it down, drink it down, Here's to M. A. C., drink it down, drink it down,

BASSES.

Here's to M. A. C., Ev - er bus - y as a bee, drink it down, drink it down, drink it

down, down, down. Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad, Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad, Balm of Gil - e - ad, way

Fin. p *cres.*

down on the Ag - gie farm. We won't go home an - y more, We won't go home an - y more, We

ff

won't go home an - y more, Way down on the Ag - gie farm. Ag - gie, Ag - gie, Ag - gie, Ag - gie,

p

Ag - gie, Ag - gie, Way down on the Ag - gie farm. A - G - G - I - E. . . .

cres. *ff* *(spoken.)* *D.C.*

THE BULL-DOG.

55

Moderato. mf

SOLO. FIRST TENOR.

SOLO. FIRST TENOR.

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,

Oh! the
Oh! the

SOLO. FIRST BASS.

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,

attacca il chor. f Chorus. Allegro.

bull-dog on the bank,
bull-dog stooped to catch him,

AIR. Oh! the bull dog on the
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to

SOLO. SECOND BASS. *rit ad lib.*

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,

bank, And the bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog called the bull-frog, A green old wa-ter-fool.
catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw, The polly-wog tied a laugh-ing, To see him wag his jaw.

Sing-ing tra la la la { la la la, ... sing-ing tra la la la { la la la, ... Sing-ing
leil-i-o, ... leil-i-o, ...

tra la la la la, sing-ing tra la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la { la la la.
leil-i-o,

repeat *pp*

3 Says the monkey to the owl:
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
"Why, since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."

4 Oh! the bull-dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practising the Highland Fling,
And singing opera bouffe.

Says the tom-cat to the dog:
"Oh! set your ears agog,
For Jules about to tête-à-tête
With Romeo, sacg."

6 Says the bull-dog to the cat:
"Oh! what do you think they're at?
They're spooning in the dead of night:
But where's the harm in that?"

7 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the water,
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
And sent him off to school.

THE QUILTING PARTY.

Andante.

1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o - cean foam: And 'twas

mes.

from Aunt Di - nah's quilting party, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.
from Aunt Di - nah's quilting party, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

Chorus. mf

I was see - ing Nel - lie home, I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas

from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see ing Nel - lie home.

repeat pp.

3

On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

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4

On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

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MICHAEL ROY.

Allegretto. mf

1. In Brook-lyn ci - ty there lived a maid, And she was known to fame; Her
 2. She fell in love with a char - coal man, Mc - Clos - key was his name; His
 3. Mc - Clos - key shout-ed and hol-lered in vain, For the donk - ey would - n't stop; And he

mf

moth-er's name was Ma - ri Ann, And hers was Ma - ri Jane; And ev-e-ry Sat-ur-day
 fight-ing weight was seven stone ten And he loved sweet Ma - ri Jane; He took her to ride in his
 threw Ma - ri Jane right o ver his head, Right in - to a pol i - cy shop; When Mc - Clos - key saw that

morn - ing She used to go o - ver the riv - er, And went to market where
 char - coal cart On a fine St. Pat - rick's day, But the don-key took fright at a
 ter - ri - ble sight; His heart it was moved with pi - ty, So he stabbed the donkey with a

Chorus. f

she sold eggs. And sass-a-ges, like-wise liv - er. For oh!... For oh!... he was my dar-ling
 Jer - sey man, And started and ran a - way.
 bit of charcoal, And started for Salt Lake ci - ty.

f

*Shouted.**Repeat chorus pf*

hey, FOR he was the lad with the au - burn hair. And his name was Mi - chael Roy.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

(SERENADE.)

Andante moderato.

MEN'S VOICES.

p dolce.

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steep, Sink, sink in

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.

Andante con moto.

TENORS. (AIR IN 2D TENOR.)

1. Come, land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl Un - til it doth run o - ver,
2. The man who drinks good whis - key punch And goes to bed quite mel - low,
3. The man who drinks cold wa - ter pure And goes to bed quite so - ber,

For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, . . For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, . .
He lives just as he ought to live, He lives just as he ought to live. He
He falls just as the leaves do fall, He falls just as the leaves do fall, He

For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, To - mor - row we'll be so - ber.
lives just as he ought to . . live, And dies a jolly good fel - low.
falls just as the leaves do . . fall, So ear - ly in Oc - to - ber.

59

1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, Tral la la, Tral la la, As through an Al - pine vil - lage passed,
2. His brow was sad, his eye be - neath, Tral la la, Tral la la, ~~Flash~~ like a faulchion from its sheaf,
3. "O stay," the maid - en said, "and rest," Tral la la, Tral la la, "Thy wea - ry head up - on this breast,"

Tral la la la la! A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice A ban - ner with the strange de - vice,
Tral la la la la! And like a sil - ver clar - ion rung The ac - cents of that unknown tongue,
Tral la la la la! A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answered with a sigh,
ritard.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one sharp) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics "U - pi - dee - i - da!" followed by a series of rhythmic notes and rests, ending with a double bar line. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment part, also in G major, starting with a treble clef and containing the lyrics "r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-ryah! yah! yah! yah!". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment part in G major, starting with a bass clef and containing the word "Fine." above it. The music concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

**5 A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Tral la la, Tral la la !
Half buried in the snow was found,
Tral la la la la !
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
CHORUS.**

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MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

HOBART VERSION.

SOPRANO & ALTO.

1. Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb,

TENOR.

2. It followed her to school one day, school one day, school one day, It followed her to school one day,

BASS.

Its fleece was white as snow; And ev - ery-where that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went,

It was a - gainst the rule. It made the chil - dren laugh and play, laugh and play, laugh and play,

Unison of all parts in this measure.

Ev - ery-where that Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go. Bleat - ing of the lamb, Ba - a - a - ah,

Made the chil - dren laugh and play, To see the lamb in school.

Ba - a - a - ah, O! aint I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, get out the wil - der - ness,

O! aint I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, get out the wil - der - ness,

get out the wil - der - ness, Aint I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, Lean - ing on the lamb.

get out the wil - der - ness, Aint I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, Lean - ing on the lamb

THE OLD CABIN HOME

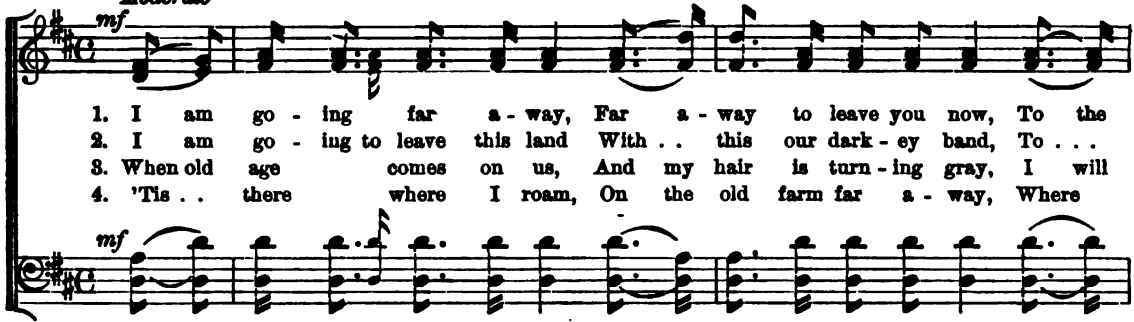
61

T. PAINE

Arranged by A. La Meda

Moderato

mf



1. I am go - ing far a - way, Far a - way to leave you now, To the
 2. I am go - ing to leave this land With . . this our dark - ey band, To . .
 3. When old age comes on us, And my hair is turn - ing gray, I will
 4. 'Tis . . there where I roam, On the old farm far a - way, Where

mf



Mis - sis - sip - pi riv - er I am go - ing. I will take my old ban - jo, And I'll
 trav - el all the wide world o - ver, And when I get tired I will
 hang up the ban - jo all a - lone; I'll sit down by the fire, And I'll
 all the dark - ies am free; O . . mer - ri - ly sound the ban - jo For de



sing this lit - tle song, 'Way down in my Old Cab - in Home. . .
 set - tle down to rest, 'Way down in my Old Cab - in Home. . .
 pass the time a - way, 'Way down in my Old Cab - in Home. . .
 white folks round de room, 'Way down in my Old Cab - in Home. . .

CHORUS



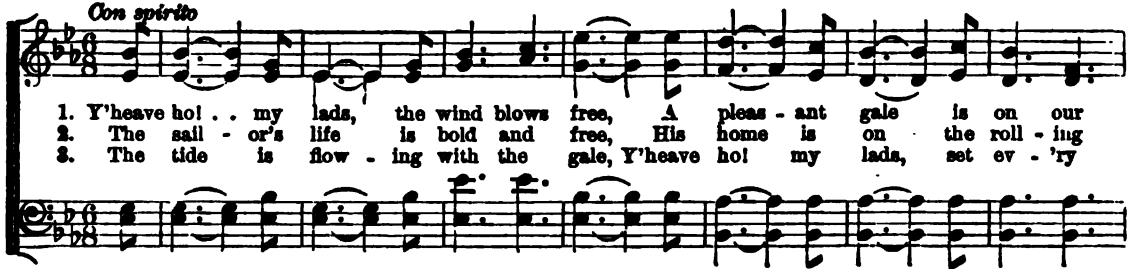
Here is my Old Cab - in Home, . . Here is my sis - ter and my broth - er, . .



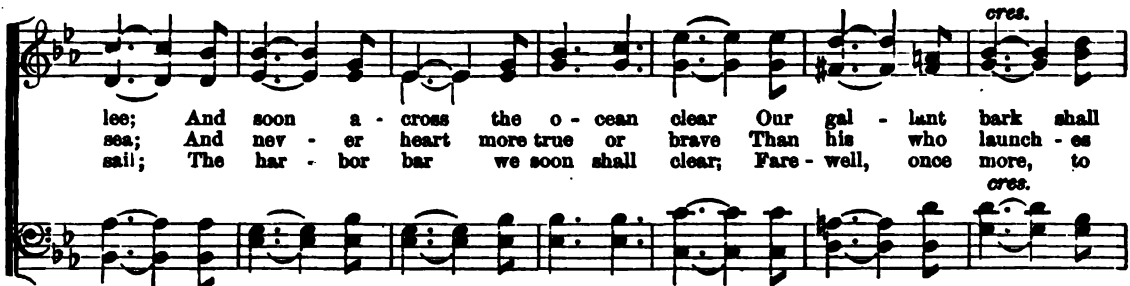
Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its moth - er. . .

SAILING

GODFREY MARKS

Con spirito


1. Y'heave ho! . . my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is on our
 2. The sail - or's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll - ing
 3. The tide is flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev - 'ry

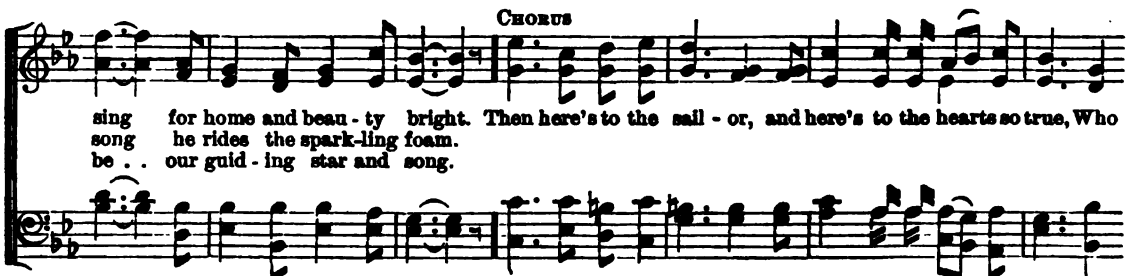


lee; And soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant bark shall
 sea; And nev - er heart more true or brave Than his who launch - es
 sail; The har - bor bar we soon shall clear; Fare - well, once more, to



brave - ly steer, But ere we part from Eng - land's shores to - night, A song we'll
 on . . the wave; A - far he speeds in dis - tant climes to roam, With jo - cund
 home so dear, For when the tem - pest rag - es loud and long, That home shall

CHORUS



sing for home and beau - ty bright. Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the hearts so true, Who
 song he rides the spark - ling foam.
 be . . our guid - ing star and song.

REFRAIN



will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue! . . Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bounding main; For



ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain! Sail - ing, sail - ing,

ad lib.

o - ver the bound - ing main ; For ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain.

SERENADE

FRANK SCHUBERT
Arranged by N. Clifford Page

Moderate

1. Through the leaves the nightwinds mov - ing, Mur - mur low and sweet, Mur - mur low and sweet.
2. Moonlight on the earth is sleep - ing, Winds are rus - tling low, Winds are rus - tling low.

Mur - mur are sweet.
Winds are rus - tling low.

marcato
Mur - mur are sweet.
Winds are rus - tling low.

Led Let my us feet go.

To thy cham - ber win - dow rev - ing, Love hath led my feet, O! love hath led my feet.
Where the dark - ling streams are creep - ing, Dear - est, let us go, O! Dear - est, let us go.

mf marcato
Led Let my us feet go.

Si - lent pray'rs of bliss - ful feel - ing, Link us, though a - part, Link us, though a - part.
All the stars keep watch in heav - en, While I sing to thee, While I sing to thee

On the breath of mu - sic steal - ing To . . thy dream - ing heart, To thy dream - ing heart.
And the night for love was giv - en, Dear - est, come to me, Dear - est, come to me.

SERENADE

Sad - ly in the for - est mourn - ing,

Sad - ly mourn - ing Walls the whip - poor -
Sad - ly in the for - est mourn - ing,

Sad ly walls the whip - poor -

will, And the heart for thee is yearn - ing, Bid it, love, be still,
Walls the whip - poor - will,

will,

be still *dim. e rit.* Bid it, *p* *pp*
Bid it, love, be still, Bid it, love, be still. . .

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Translated from the German by LOUIS C. ELSON.

JOHANNA KINKEL (1810-1868)

Andante *p* *poco rit.* *cres. e poco accel. al. . . . f*

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And then, whate'er be - falls me, I
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With spear and pen - non glance - ing, I
3. I think of thee with long - ing; Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll

p *p* *f* *fs* *p* *pp*

Tempo 1. tranquillo e molto espress

go where hon - or calls me. Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love, Farewell, fare - well, my own true love.
see the foe ad - vanc - ing. Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love, Farewell, fare - well, my own true love.
whis - per soft, while dy - ing, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love, Farewell, fare - well, my own true love.

p *f* *fs* *p* *pp*

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

1. There's mu - sic in the air When the in - fant morn is nigh; And faint its blush is

1st TENOR.

ALTO.

2. There's mu - sic in the air When the noon-tide's sul - try beam Re - flects a gold en

3. There's mu - sic in the air When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh Is lost on eve-ning's

seen, On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ec - sta - tic sound, With its thrill of

light On the dis-tant mountain stream. When be - neath some grate-ful shade, Sor-row's ach-ing

breast, As its pensive beau-ties die. Then, O then the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce-

déclin. *2nd time pp*


joy pro - found, While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air

head is laid, Sweet - ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.

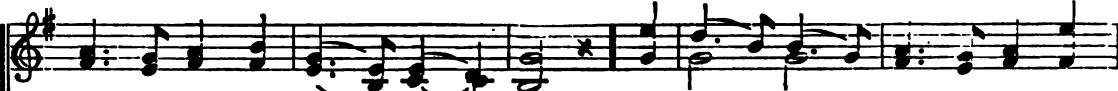
les tial song, An - gel voi - ces greet us there In the mu - sic in the air.

AULD LANG SYNE.


ROBERT BURNS.



1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wan-der'd mony a
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But seas be-tween us
4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'




be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For
wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.





auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.




SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT.



Swing low, sweet cha-ri-ot, Com-ing for to car-ry me home, Swing low, sweet cha-ri-ot,




Fine.



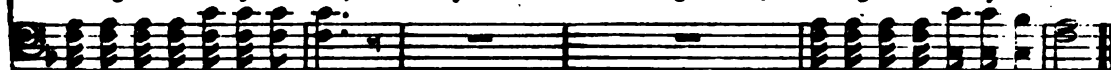
Com ing for to car-ry me home. 1. I looked o-ver Jor-dan, and what did I see.
2. If you get there be-fore I do.



DO



Coming for to car-ry me home? A band of an-gels coming aft-er me, Coming for to car-ry me home
Coming for to car-ry me home. Tell all my friends I'm com-ing too, Coming for to car-ry me home



3 The brightest day that ever I saw,
Coming for to carry me home
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, etc

4 I'm sometimes up and sometimes down.
Coming for to carry me home.
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, etc.

Repeat the foregoing.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

67

BEN JONSON, (1573-1637).

Old English Air. Date uncertain.

Arranged by W. A. F.

Very smoothly and rather slow.

Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine, . . .
I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee, . . .

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; . . . The
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - er be; . . . But

thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine; . . .
thou there - on did'st on - ly breathe And send'st it back to me; . . .

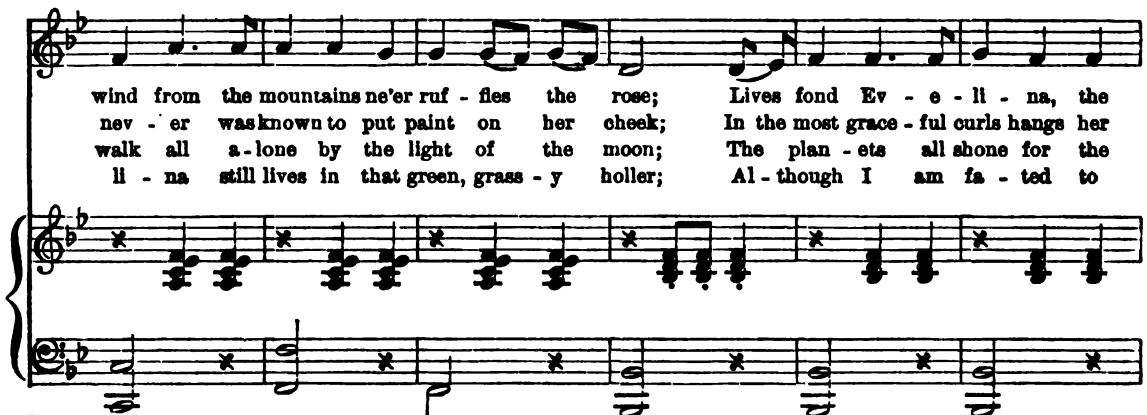
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip I would not change for thine. . . .
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee. . . .

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

Allegretto.



1. Way down in the mead - ow where the li - ly first blows, Where the
2. She's fair as a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she
3. Ev - e - li - na and I one fine eve - ning in June Took a
4. Three years have gone by and I've not got a dollar; Ev - e -



wind from the mountains ne'er ruf - fles the rose; Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, the
nev - er was known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace - ful curls hangs her
walk all a - lone by the light of the moon; The plan - ets all alone for the
li - na still lives in that green, grass - y holler; Al - though I am fa - ted to



sweet lit - tle dove, The pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love.
rav - en black hair, And she nev - er re - quires per - fum - er - y there
heav - ens were clear, And I felt round the heart most tre - men - dous - ly queer.
mar - ry her never, I've sworn that I'll love her for - ev - er and ever.

CHORUS.



Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die;

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

rit.

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

rit.

The musical score for 'Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina' features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line includes a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, with a 'rit.' marking in the right hand.

JUANITA.

MIXED VOICES.

Arranged by A. La Mada.

Andante.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'-ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day - light beam-ing

The musical score for 'Juanita' is for mixed voices. It begins with an 'Andante' tempo marking. The score includes two verses of lyrics. The musical notation features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm-light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent-ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,

This section of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The musical notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
In thy heart con - sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!

This section of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The musical notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

rit.

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride.

The final section of the musical score for 'Juanita' includes a 'rit.' marking. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The musical notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

JINGLE, BELLS.

Allegro. mf

1. Dashing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go,
 2. A day or two a - go, I thought I'd take a ride, 'And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright, Was
 3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young; Take the girls to - night, And

mf

Laughing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring Mak-ing spir - its bright; What
 seat - ed by my side. The horse was lean and lar'y; Mis-ert - une seem'd his lot; He
 sing this sleigh-ing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-for - ty for his speed; Then

Chorus. f

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night! Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells!
 got in - to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.
 hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

f

Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

*Accompanied by jingling glasses.

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MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND.

71


Words and music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



1. Round de mead-ows am a - ring - ing De dark - ies' mourn - ful song, While de
2. When de au - tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
3. Mas - sa make de dark - ies love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey




mock-ing bird am sing-ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a -
hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or - ange trees am
sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem behind. I can - not work be - fore de -




creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa an a sleep - ing,
bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore, Now de sum - mer days am com - ing,
mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,

CHORUS.



Sleep - ing in de cold, cold - ground. Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful
Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more.
Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.



sound; All de dark - ies am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Edited by N. CLIFFORD PAGE.
Poco adagio.

Words and music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It features a series of chords, mostly triads and dyads, with some accidentals. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed above the first few notes. Pedal markings are indicated below the staff: *Ped.* followed by a series of asterisks (*).

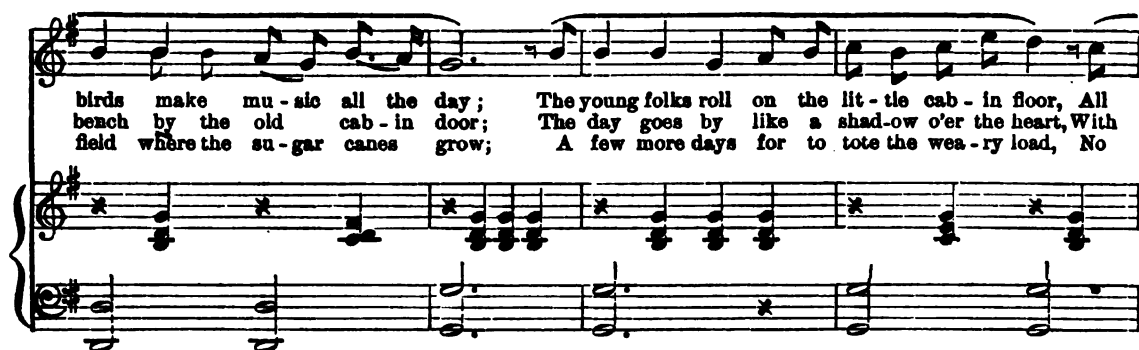
This section continues the piano introduction. The right staff features more melodic lines with some grace notes. The left staff continues with chords. A *poco ritard.* marking is placed above the right staff. Pedal markings (*Ped.* and asterisks) are present below the left staff.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the
3. The head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-y may

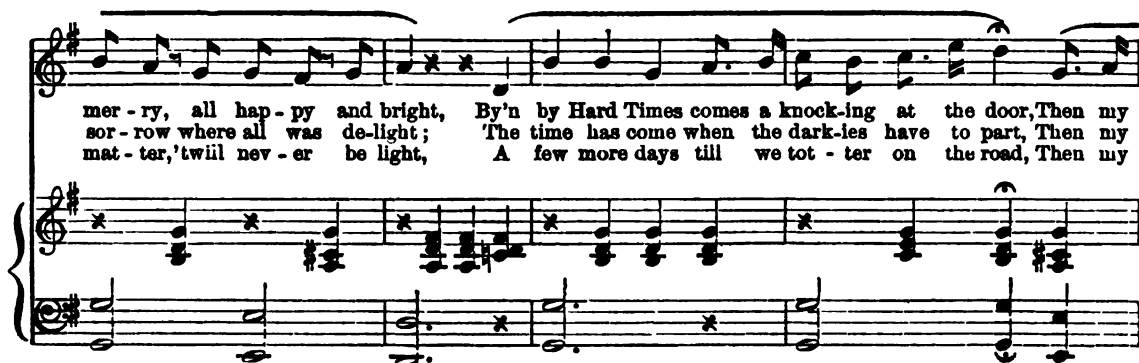
The piano accompaniment for the first verse consists of two staves. The right staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It contains a series of chords, many of which are marked with an asterisk (*). The left staff has a bass clef and the same key signature, also containing a series of chords, some marked with an asterisk. The dynamic marking *p* is placed above the first few notes of the right staff.

gay. The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
shore, They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
go; A few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the

The piano accompaniment for the second verse consists of two staves. The right staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It contains a series of chords, many of which are marked with an asterisk (*). The left staff has a bass clef and the same key signature, also containing a series of chords, some marked with an asterisk.



birds make mu - sic all the day ; The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All
bench by the old cab - in door ; The day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With
field where the su - gar canes grow ; A few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No



mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'n by Hard Times comes a knock - ing at the door, Then my
sor - row where all was de - light ; The time has come when the dark - les have to part, Then my
mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light, A few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my

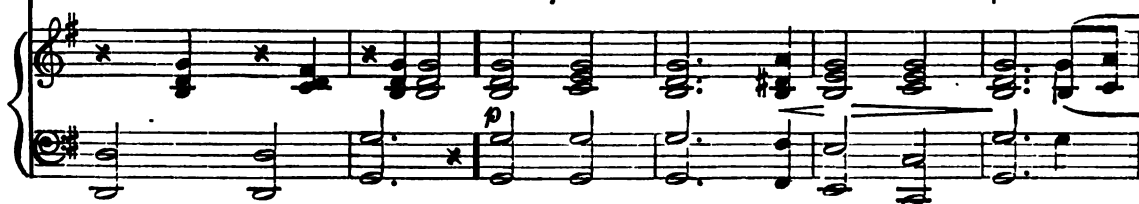
CHORUS.
SOPRANO.



old Ken - tuck - y home, Good - night ! Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh ! weep no more to - day ! We will

TENOR.

BASS. *p*




sing one song for the old Ken - tuck - y home, For the old Ken - tuck - y home, far a - way. *ritard.* D.C.



ritard. D.C.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

(WAY DOWN UPON DE SWANEE RIBBER.)

MEN'S VOICES.

Words and music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Arranged by A. LA MEDA.

Solo.

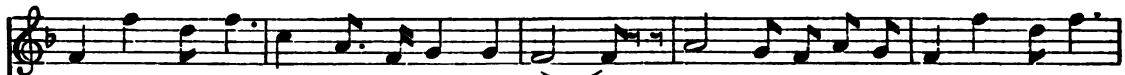
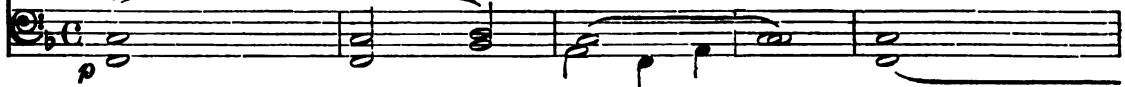


1. Way down up-on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a-way, Dere's whar my heart is
 2. All 'round de lit-tle farm I wan-der'd When I was young, Den man-y hap-py
 3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I love, Still sad-ly to my

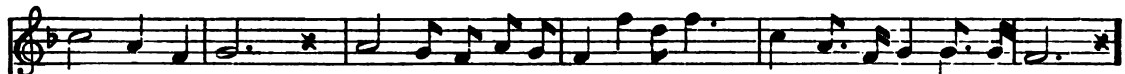
• TENORS.



pp Humming.
 BASSES.



turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's whar de old folks stay. . All up and down de whole cre-a-tion,
 days I squandered, Man-y de songs I sung. . When I was play-ing wid my brud-der,
 mem-ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove. . When will I see de bees a hum-ming,



Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for de old planta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Hap-py was I; Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and die.
 All 'round de comb? When will I hear de ban-jo tumming, Down in my good old home?



All de world am sad and drear-y, Eb-'ry whar I roam,



(Melody marked.)



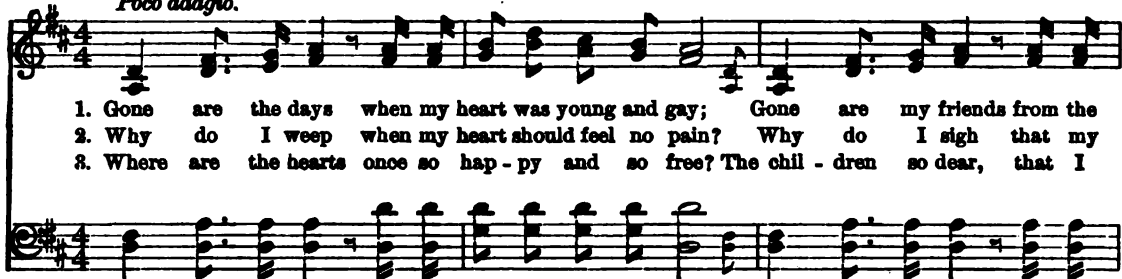
Oh! dark-les, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home. .

Oh! uark - les, how my heart grows wea-ry,

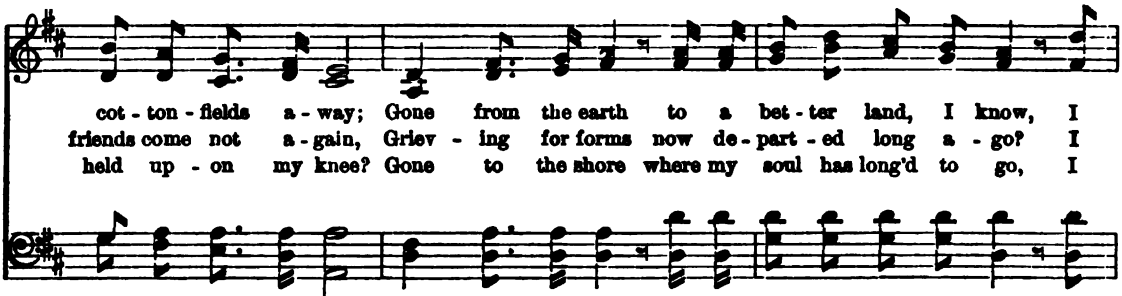
OLD BLACK JOE.

Words and music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco adagio.

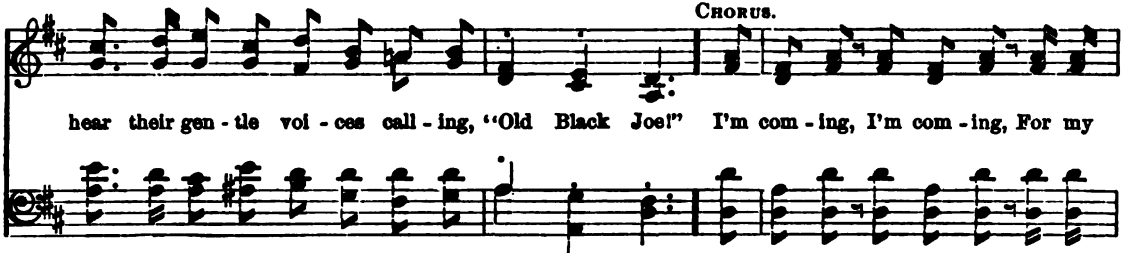


1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear, that I

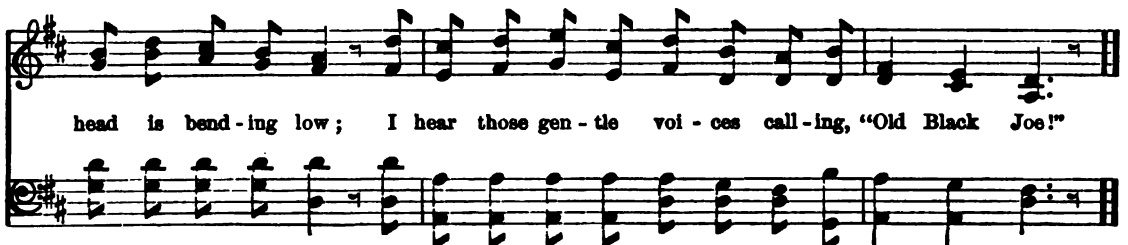


cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know, I
 friends come not a-gain, Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go? I
 held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I

CHORUS.



hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my



head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

NELLIE WAS A LADY.

1 { Down on the Mis sis - sip - pi float - ing, Long time I trab-bel oer the way; }
 All night the cot - ton - wood I's tot - ing, Singing for my true lub all the day;
 2 { Now I'se un - hap - py, and I'se weep - ing; Can't tote the cot ton wood no more, }
 Last night when Nel - lie was a sleep - ing, Death came a - knocking at the door }

Nel - lie was a la - dy, last night she died; Toll the bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark Vir - gin - la bride

Oh, Nel - lie was a la - dy, last night she died, Toll the

bell for lub - ly Nell, my dar - key bride, Oh, Nel - lie was a la - dy,
 my dar - key bride,

last night she died, Toll the bell for lub - ly Nell my dark - ey bride.

After last verse.

Nel - lie was a la - dy, she was; last night she died, she did;

Toll the bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark Vir - gin - la bride, she was

THE LORELEY

FRIEDRICH SILCHER, (1780-1800)

Andante con moto

1. I know . . not what it pre - sa - ges, That
 2 The most beau - ti - ful maid is re - clin - ing On the
 3. It seiz - es with wild - est yearn - ing The

I am so sad . . to - day; . . . A le - gend of for - mer
 cliff, . . so won - drous fair; . . . Her glo - ri - ous jew - els are
 boat - man en - tranced in his skiff, . . He sees not the treach - er - ous

a - ges Will not from my thoughts a - way. . . The
 shin - ing, She is comb - ing her gold - en hair; . . With a
 break - ers, He gaz - es a - lone on the cliff. . . And

air . . is cool and it dar - kles, The Rhine flows calm - ly on, . . . The
 gold - en comb she combs it, And sings a song there - by, . . . That
 soon will the waves en - gulf them, Both boat and boat - man strong, . . . For

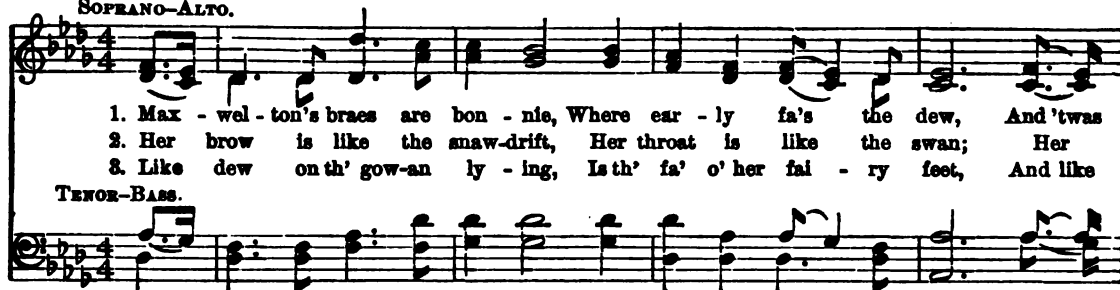
a tempo
 peak of the moun - tain spar - kles In the glow of the eve - ning sun. . .
 thrills with its mys - tic mean - ing, And pow - er - ful mel - o - dy. . .
 thus in her tolls hath she bound them, The . . Lore - ley with her song. . .
a tempo

ANNIE LAURIE.

Verses and music by Lady JOHN SCOTT. (MIXED VOICES.)

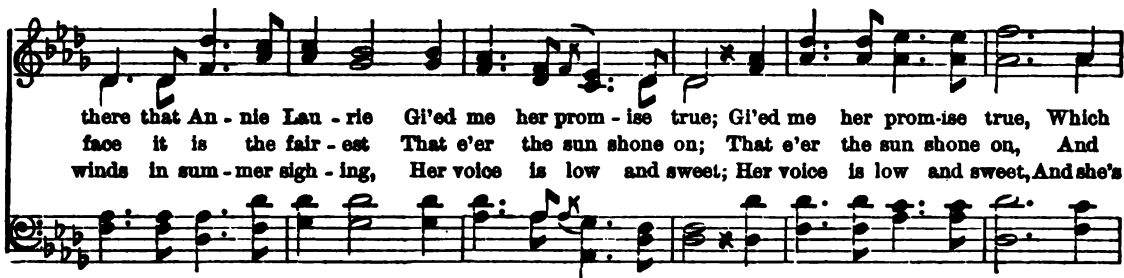
Arranged by A. LA MEDA.

SOPRANO-ALTO.



1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her
3. Like dew onth' gow-an ly - ing, Is th' fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like

TENOR-BASS.



there that An - nie Lau - rie Gie'd me her prom - ise true; Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Which
face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And
winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's



ne'er for-got will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doun an' dee.
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doun an' dee.
a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doun an' dee.

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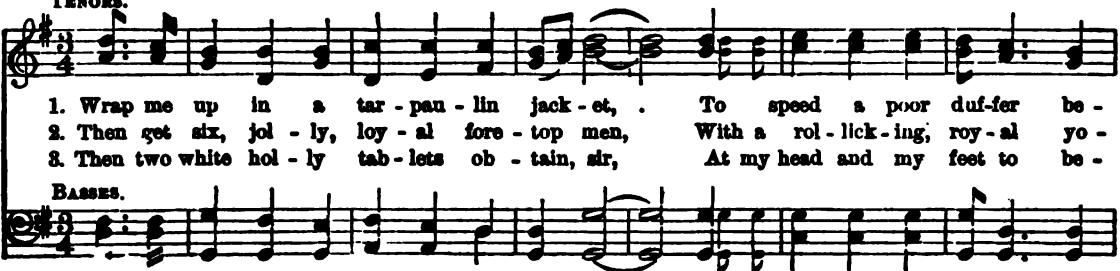
TARPAULIN JACKET.

ARTHUR NASH.

(MEN'S VOICES.)

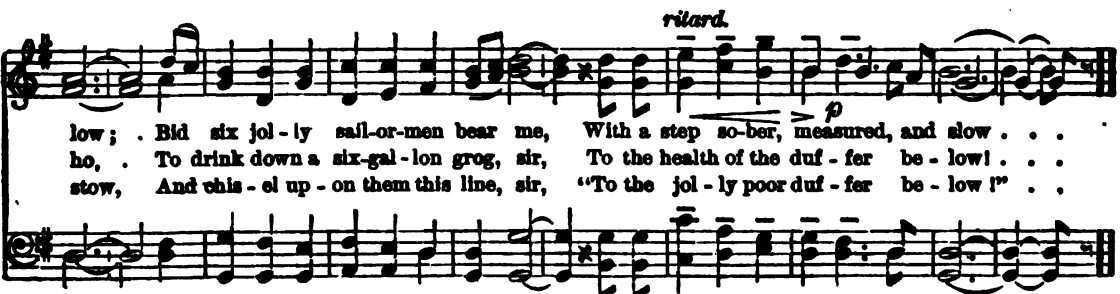
Arranged by A. LA MEDA.

TENORS.



1. Wrap me up in a tar - pau - lin jack - et, . To speed a poor duf - fer be -
2. Then get six, jol - ly, loy - al fore - top men, With a rol - lick - ing, roy - al yo -
3. Then two white hol - ly tab - lets ob - tain, sir, At my head and my feet to be -

BASSES.



low; . Bld six jol - ly sail - or - men bear me, With a step so - ber, measured, and slow . . .
ho, . To drink down a six - gal - lon grog, sir, To the health of the duf - fer be - low! . . .
stow, And this - el up - on them this line, sir, "To the jol - ly poor duf - fer be - low!" . . .

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LAST NIGHT.

79

English version by THEODORE MARZIALS
(after German translation by CHR. WINTHER, from the Swedish).

HALFDAN KJERULF.

Andante.
mf

1. Last night the night - in - gale woke me, Last night when all was still; It
2. I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by night; I
3. Oh, think not I can for - get you; I could not, though I would; I

pp (CHORUS, humming.) *pp*

rit.

sang in the gold - en moon - light From out . . . the wood - land hill. I
wake and would you were here, love, And tears . . . are blind - ing my sight. I
see you in all a - round me, The stream, the night, the wood, The

rit.

dolce, a tempo.

o - pen'd my win - dow so gent - ly, I look'd on the dream - ing dew, . . . And
hear a low breath in the lime tree, The wind is float - ing through, And
flow - ers that slum - ber so gent - ly, The stars a - bove the blue; . . . Oh!

ppp a tempo. *p*

f *dém.* *rit.*

oh! the bird, my dar - ling. Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you.
oh! the night, my dar - ling, Is sigh - ing, sigh - ing for you, for you.
heaven it - self, my dar - ling, Is pray - ing, pray - ing for you, for you.

pp *rit.*

MASSACHUSETTS! SOIL OF GLORY!

WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

Broad and majestic

Mas-sa - chu-setts! Soil of glo - ry! Mas - sa - chu-setts! Ev - er young!
 Mas-sa - chu-setts! Con-se - cra - tion Glows through all thy might - y past!

Be thy name in hon - ord sto - ry Through the ag - es ev - er sung!
 Mas - sa - chu-setts! In - spi - ra - tion For all times while time shall last!

Vir-ile youth and gray-haired sire Bear thy torch of hal - low'd fire!
 Vir-ile youth and gray-haired sire Bear thy torch of hal - low'd fire!

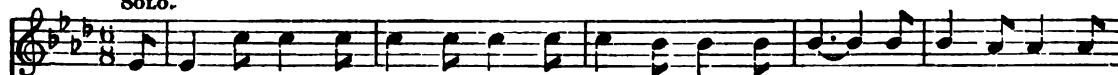
Mas - sa - chu-setts! Soil of glo - ry! Be thy name for - ev - er sung!
 Mas - sa - chu-setts! Con - se - cra - tion Of the fu - ture and the past!

MY LAST CIGAR.

81

Arranged by A. LA MEDA

SOLO.



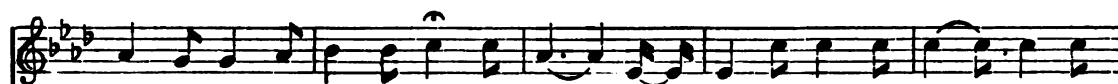
1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, A glo - rious sun - mer day, I sat up-on the
2. I leaned up-on the quar - ter rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en there the pur - ple
3. I watched the ash - es as it came Fast draw - ing to the end; I watched it as a
4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis - tance dim, I've watched above the

TENORS. *p*

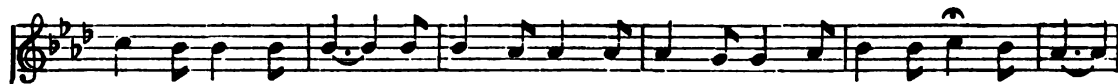
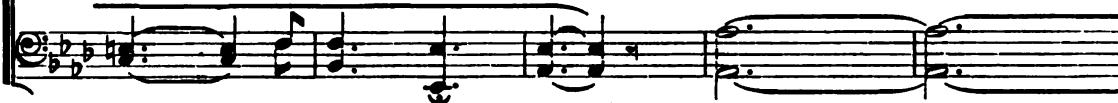


(Humming)

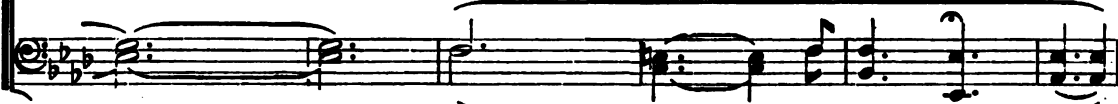
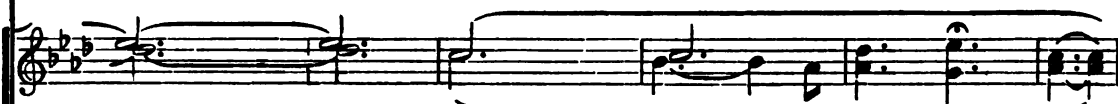
BASSES. *p*



quar - ter deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And as the vol - umed smoke a - rose, Like
wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. Oh, what had I at such a time, To
friend would watch Be - side a dy - ing friend; But still the flame crept slow - ly on, It
blight - ed heart: Where once proud hope had been; But I've nev - er known a sor - row That



in - cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar.
do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem - bling tear proclaimed It was my last ci - gar.
van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me, spare the tale, It was my last ci - gar.
could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, I smoked my last ci - gar.



CHORUS. (Air in 2d Tenor.)



It was my last ci - gar, It was my last ci - gar; I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last cigar.



SOLOMON LEVI.

Composed by FRED SHAVER.

Allegretto.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the dynamics start with a forte 'f'.

1. My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, At my store on Sa - lem
 2. And if a bum - mer comes a - long To my store on Sa - lem

The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The dynamics are marked 'p' (piano).

street, That's where you'll buy your coats and vests, And ev - 'ry-thing that's neat; I've
 street, And tries to hang me up for coats And vests so ve - ry neat; I

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

sec - ond - hand - ed Ul - ster - ettes, And ev - 'ry - thing that's fine, For
 kicks the bum-mer right out of my store And on him sets my pup, For I

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

all the boys, they trade with me, At a hun-dred and for - ty - nine.
 wont sell cloth - ing to an - y man Who tries to set me up.

The fourth system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

CHORUS. UNISON.

O, Sol-o-mon Le-vi! Le-vi tra la la la! Poor sheen-y Le-vi

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Tra la la la la la la la la, My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi, At my store on Sa-lem

street; That's where you'll buy your coats and vests, And ev'-ry-thing else that's neat; Sec-ond-hand-ed

Ulsterettes and ev'rything else that's fine, For all the boys they trade with me At a hundred and forty-nine

D. C.

SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED TENNYSON

JOSEPH BARNBY

Larghetto

pp

1 Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . . Low, low,
 2 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . . Rest, rest on

pp

O - ver the roll - ing
 Fa - ther will come to his

sf *p* *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . . O - - ver the will
 moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . . Fa - - ther ther will
 O - ver the roll - ing
 Fa - ther will come to his

sf *p* *mf*

O - ver the roll - ing
 Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

pp *f*

wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
 come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
 wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

pp *f*

wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow,
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

p *rall. e dim.* *pp*

me, . . . While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . .
 moon: . . . Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . .

pp *rall. e dim.* *ppp*

THE TWO ROSES.

WERNER.

Andante. mf *cres.*

1. On a bank two ros - es fair, Wet with morn - ing shew - ers,
 2. Thus in leaves of white ar - rayed, Not a speck to dim them,
 3. Like her cheeks the blush - ing ray, Which the bud en - clos - es,

THE TWO ROSES.

p

Geiamed with dew, in fra-grance grew, As I, pen-sive, full of care, Gath-ered two sweet
 I find the spot-less mind Which a-dorns my spot-less maid, In-no-cen-ce's
 Bright-er far than you they are; But her charms, if I should say, You'd be jeal-ous,

mf *cres.* *p*

flow-ers Tell me, ro-ses, tru-ly tell, If my fair one loves me well
 em-blem. Tell me, ro-ses, etc.
 ro-ses. Tell me, ro-ses, etc.

From "Aston," by permission.

WHAT BEAMS SO BRIGHT?

KREUTZER.

1. What beams so bright from the moun-tain height A-midst the stars of the so-ber night? What
 2. Who breaks the sleep of the si-lent hour With songs so sol-enn of depth and power? Who
 3. What sound comes down up-on the gale, In meas-ured beat through the mis-ty vale? What

beams so bright from the mountain high A-midst the stars of the so-ber night? 'Tis the light on the ho-ly
 breaks the sleep of the si-lent hour With songs so sol-enn of depth and pow'r 'Tis the ho-ly choir in the
 sound comes down up-on the gale, In meas-ured beat through the mis-ty vale? 'Tis the sig-nal bell to the

cres. *pp*

chap-el wall, In-vit-ing the pil-grim to pray in its hall; 'Tis the light on the ho-ly chap-el wall, In
 hymn of even, Now chanting their praise to their God in Heav'n. 'Tis the ho-ly choir in the hymn of even, Now
 wan-d'ring guest, Now call-ing the wea-ried pil-grim to rest. 'Tis the sig-nal bell to the wan-d'ring guest, Now

vit-ing the pil-grim to pray in its hall; In-vit-ing the pil-grim to pray in its hall.
 chant-ing their praise to their God in Heav'n, Now chant-ing their praise to their God in Heav'n
 call-ing the wea-ried pil-grim to rest. Now call-ing the wea-ried pil grim to rest.

From "Aston" by permission.

AMERICA

(MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE)

First sung in Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, 1832

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

Attributed to HENRY CARRY

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet Freedom's song; Let mor - tal
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart, with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

HAIL! COLUMBIA

Origin of Hail! Columbia. — This popular National Song was written in 1798 by Judge Hopkinson. At that period a war with France was thought inevitable. Party-spirit ran high among all classes. A theatre was open in Philadelphia, and a young man who had some talent as a singer announced his benefit on its boards. He was acquainted with Judge Hopkinson and, discouraged at his prospect of success, called on him on Saturday afternoon and stated that he feared a loss instead of a benefit, but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of "The President's March," then quite popular, he might depend on a full house. The Judge replied that he would try to furnish one. The next afternoon the young man came again, and the song was handed him. It was announced on Monday morning. In the evening the theatre was crowded to excess, and continued to be night after night through the entire season—the song being loudly encored and repeated many times during each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including Members of Congress, and found favor with both parties, as neither could disavow its sentiments.

Text adapted to "The President's March," by Professor PHYLA

(Which was first played when Washington came to New York to be inaugurated in 1789.)

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

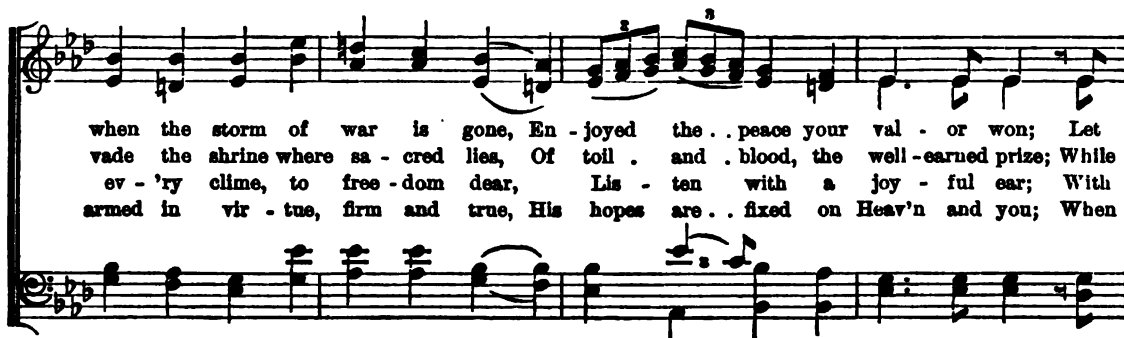
New arrangement by N. Clifford Page

Maestoso

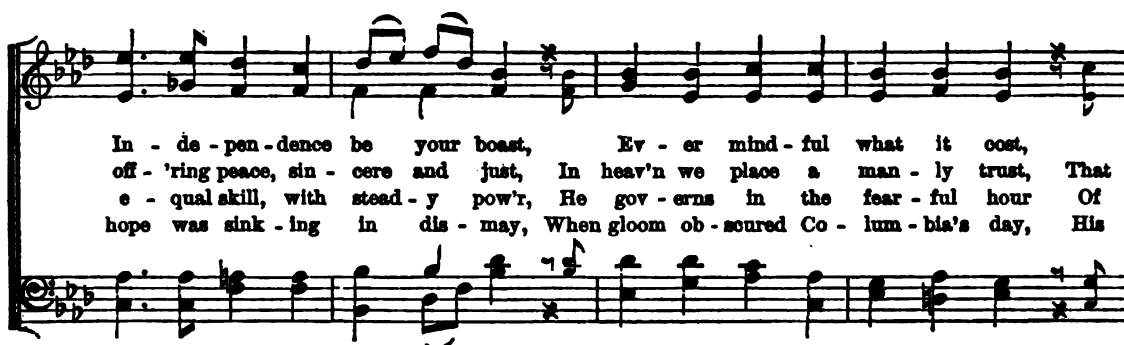
1. Hail! Co - lum - bia, hap - py land! Hail! ye he - roes, heav'n-born band, Who
 2. Im - mor - tal Pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore; Let
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash - ing - ton's great name Ring
 4. Be - hold the chief who now com - mands, Once more to serve his coun - try, stands The

fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And
 no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand In -
 through the world with loud ap - plause! Ring through the world with loud ap - plause! Let
 rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat! But

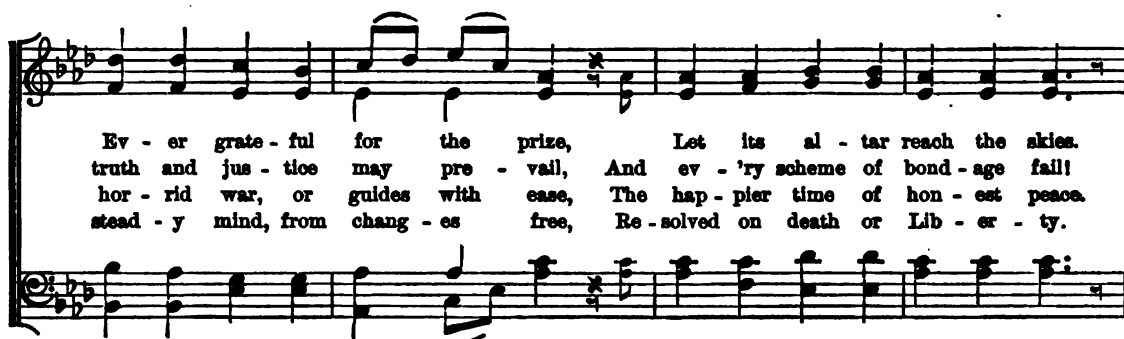
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when the storm of war is gone, En - joyed the . . peace your val - or won; Let
vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toll . and . blood, the well-earned prize; While
ev - 'ry clime, to free - dom dear, Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear; With
armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are . . fixed on Heav'n and you; When



In - de - pen - dence be your boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost,
off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
e - qual skill, with stead - y pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob - scured Co - lum - bia's day, His



Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail!
hor - rid war, or guides with ease, The hap - pier time of hon - est peace.
stead - y mind, from chang - es free, Re - solved on death or Lib - er - ty.



ff CHORUS
Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty,
ff



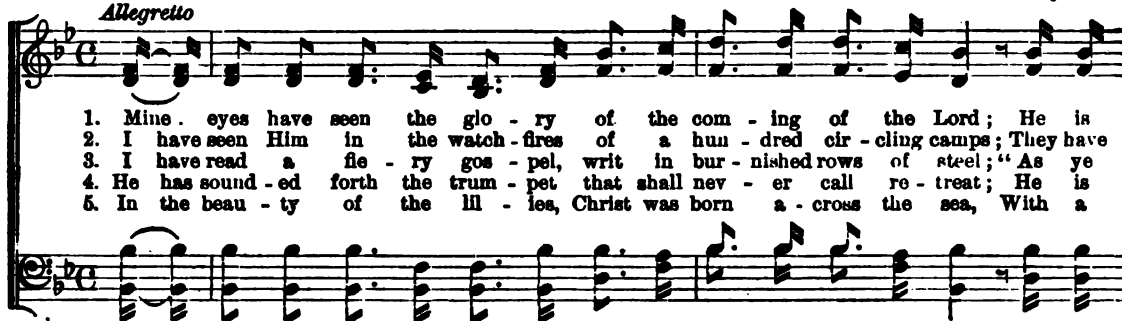
As a band of broth - ers joined Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

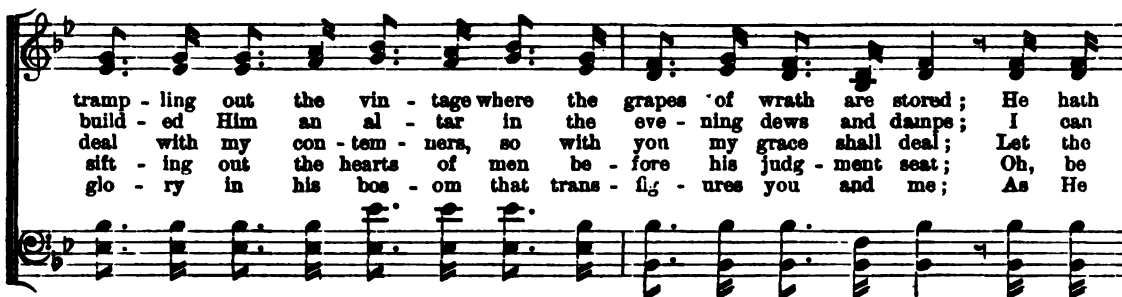
JULIA WARD HOWE

Allegretto

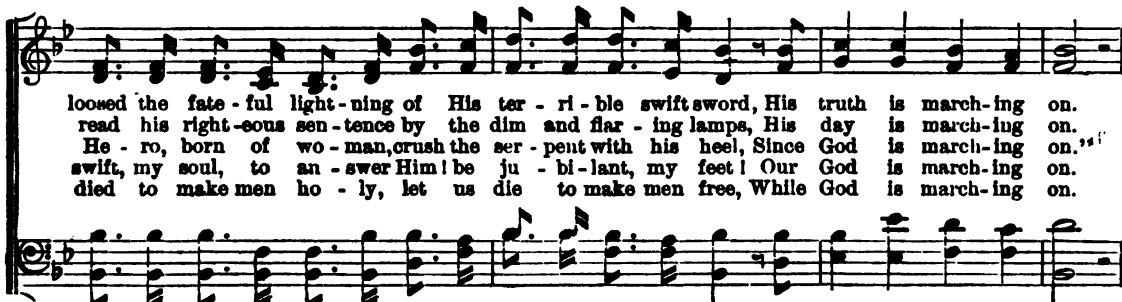
Air "John Brown's Body"



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
 3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur - nished rows of steel; "As ye
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - les, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

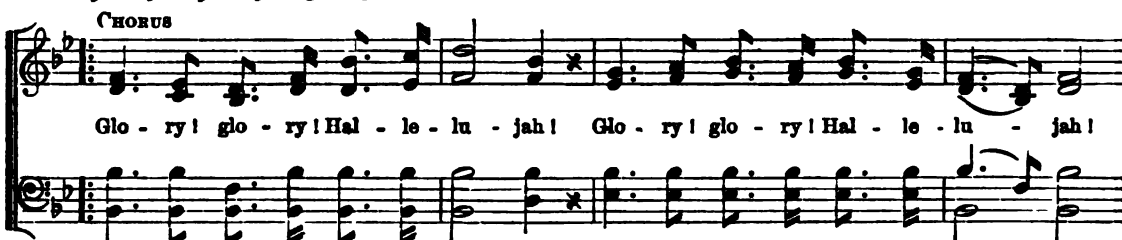


tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment seat; Oh, be
 glo - ry in his bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
 read his right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.
 He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on."
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

GLORY, GLORY HALLELUJAH

- 1 ||: John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave. :|| 3 ||: He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord! :||
 His soul is marching on. [grave. :|| His soul is marching on. [Lord! :||
 2 ||: The stars of Heaven are looking kindly down, :|| 4 ||: John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back. :||
 On the grave of old John Brown. His soul is marching on. [back. :||
 5 ||: His pet lambs will meet him on the way. :||
 And they'll go marching on.

HYMN TO AMERICA

WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

BROOKES C. PETERS

Majestically

1. For - ev - er shine on our moun-tain heights! For - ev - er
dwell by our val - leys' streams! And may thy stars — il-
lume the nights, Wher-e'er thy glo - ri-ous ban-ner gleams!

2.

In thee unite the sovereign States!
In thee all trade and commerce live!
To all thou openest wide thy gates:
To all thy name and thy life dost give!

3.

The little child thou dost protect;
The strongest man for his work inspire!
The wayward firmly dost correct;
And guard our homes from flood and fire!

4.

Thy name we share from south to north!
Thine air we breathe from east to west!
Thy glory, America, leads us forth
In victory onwards toward the best!

5.

O God, who givest the breath of Life
To peoples of the human race,
Make Thou our Land, in peace or strife,
A Nation strong, of up-lifted face!

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

(THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE)

Words and Music by DAVID T. SHAW
Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

Moderato con spirito

1. O Co-lum-bial the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, . The
2. When war winged its wide des-o-lation, And threatened the land to de-form, The
3 "Old Glo-ry" to greet, now come hith-er, With eyes full of love to the brim; May the

Moderato con spirito

mf

shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy
ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her
wreaths of our he-roes ne'er with-er, Nor a star of our ban-ner grow dim; May the

mf

man-dates make he-roes as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy
gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her
ser-vice u-nit-ed ne'er sev-er, But they to our col-ors prove true! The

f

ban-ners make ty-ran-n'y trem-ble, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.
flag proudly float-ing be-fore her, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.
Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

f

CHORUS

f

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, . . . Three
 Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, . . . Three
 Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, . . . Three

f

White and Blue,

cres.

cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, Thy ban-ners make ty - ran - ny
 cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, With her flag proud-ly float - ing be -
 cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, The Ar - my and Na - vy for -

White and Blue,

cres.

ff

trem - ble, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue. . . .
 fore her, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue. . . .
 ev - er, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue. . . .

ff


ff

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

KATHARINE LEE BATES



S. A. WARD, 1882
(Materna)

TENOR I & II





O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain, For
O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sion'd stress. A
O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-a-ating strife. Who
O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years. Thine



BASS I & II

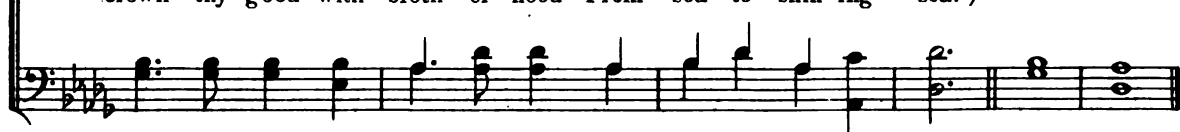
pur-ple moun-tain ma-jes-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain! A -
thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wild-er-ness! A -
more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life! A -
al-a-bas-ter ci-ties gleam Un-dimm'd by hu-man tears! A -

mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal! God shed His grace on thee. And
mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw, Con-
mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal! May God thy gold re-fine, Till
mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal! God shed His grace on thee. And

crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea! }
firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law! } A - men.
all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine! }
crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea! }



GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND!

93

C. T. BROOKS, 1884
J. S. DWIGHT, 1844

LOWELL MASON
(Tune: Dort)

TENOR I

TENOR II

BASS I

BASS II

God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand,
For her our pray'rs shall rise To God, a - bove the skies;

Through storm and night! When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of
On Him we wait; Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guard - ing with

Through storm and night!
On Him we wait;

Through storm and night! When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of
On Him we wait; Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guard - ing with

wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the state!

Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the state!

wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the state!

O BEAUTIFUL, MY COUNTRY!

F. L. HOSMER


R. P. STEWART (1868)
(Garfirth)

TENOR I & II



1. O beau - ti - ful, my coun - try! Be thine a no - bler
 2. For thee our fa - thers suf - fer'd, For thee they toil'd and
 3. O beau - ti - ful, our coun - try! Round thee in love we


BASS I & II



care, Than all thy wealth of com - merce, Thy
 pray'd; Up - on thy ho - ly al - - tar Their
 draw, Thine is the grace of free - dom, The



har - vests wav - ing fair, Be it thy pride to
 will - ing lives they laid, Thou hast no com - mon
 ma - jest - y of law. Be right - eous - ness thy



lift up The man - hood of the poor; Be
 birth - right; Grand mem - 'ries on the shine, The
 scep - tre, Jus - - tice thy di - a - - dem; And



thou to the op - press - ed Fair free-dom's o - pen door.
 blood of pil - grim na - tions Com - min - gled, flows in thine. } A - men.
 on thy shin - ing fore - head Be peace the crown - ing gem. }

LEST WE FORGET!

95

RUDYARD KYPING 1897

Z. W. YVILL
(1762-1837)

TENOR I & II

BASS I & II

1. God of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung
2. The tu - mult and the shout - ing dies; The cap - tains and the
3. Far - call'd our nav - ies melt a - way, On dune and head - land
4. If drunk with sight of pow'r, we loose Wild tongues that have not
5. For heath - en heart that puts her trust In reek - ing tube and

bat - tle line, Be - neath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do -
kings de - part: Still stands Thine an - cient sac - ri - fice, An
sinks the fire; Lo, all our pomp of yes - ter - day Is
Thee in awe, Such boast - ing as the Gen - tiles use Or
i - ron shard, All val - iant dust that builds on dust, And

min - ion o - ver palm and pine, Lord God of Hosts, — be
hum - ble and a con - trite heart. Lord God of Hosts, — be
one with Nin - e - veh and Tyre! Judge of the na - tions,
les - ser breeds with - out the law — Lord God of Hosts, — be
guard - ing calls not Thee to guard, For fran - tic boast — and

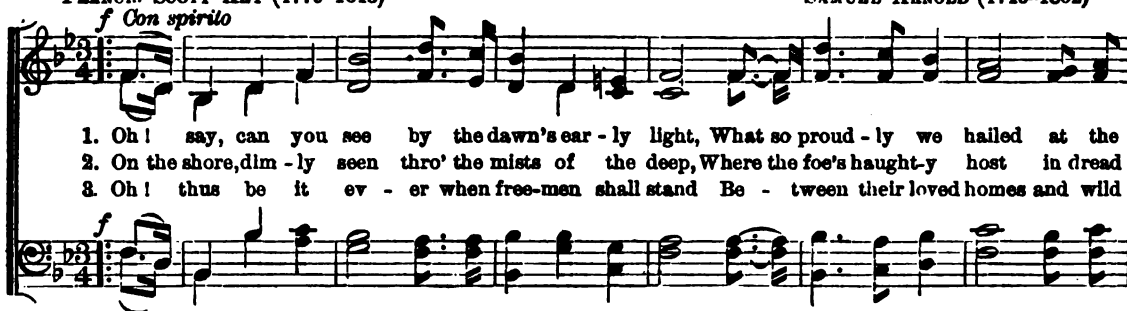
with us yet, Lest we for - get — lest we for - get!
with us yet, Lest we for - get — lest we for - get!
spare us yet, Lest we for - get — lest we for - get! A - men.
fool - ish word, Thy mer - cy on Thy peo - ple, Lord!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

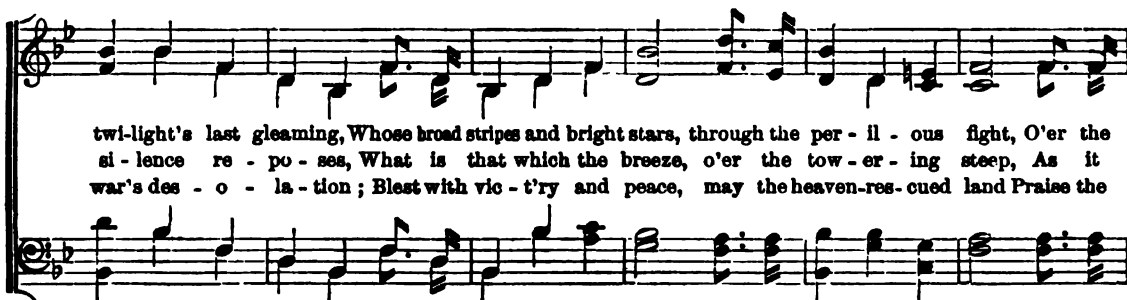
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (1779-1843)

SAMUEL ARNOLD (1740-1803)

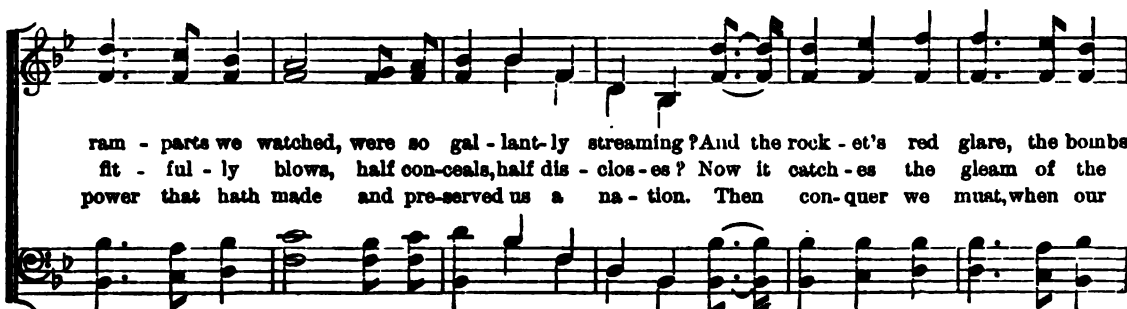
f Con spirito



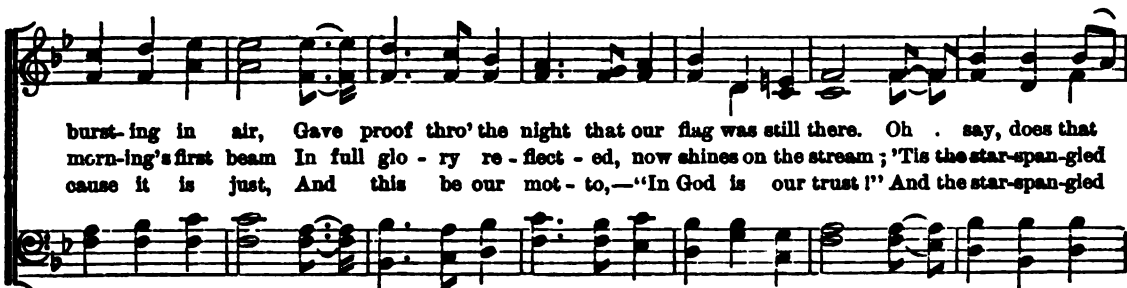
1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haught - y host in dread
 3. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved homes and wild



twi-light's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
 si - lence re - po - ses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
 war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heaven-res - cued land Praise the




ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly streaming? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs
 fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the
 power that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion. Then con - quer we must, when our



burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh . say, does that
 morn - ing's first beam In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-span - gled
 cause it is just, And this be our mot - to,—"In God is our trust!" And the star-span - gled

poco ritard. *a tempo* *poco ritard.*



star-span - gled ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban - ner: Oh long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

CAMPUS CHANTS

SPECIAL!

I went to Hamp one evening,
From Amherst did I roam,
I lost my heart that evening,
And I missed the last car home.

CHORUS

I tell you, yes, there is rest,
Yes, there is rest,
In this college life there is rest,
Sweet rest.

One year they said at Aggie,
Let's go out for a row,
We'll have a race and ask them in,
And give them all a show. (*Chorus*)

They said, "Why yes, we'll be there,"
You can't fool us, we're wise,
But since 'twas Aggie's party,
She walked home with the prize. (*Chorus*)

Last year we played with Amherst,
A little game of ball,
The dope said we were rotten,
We had no team at all. (*Chorus*)

We went down there to please them,
We'll leave it up to you,
To tell the way we whaled the ball,
'Till the score was ten to two. (*Chorus*)

DEAR EVELINE

Dear Eveline,
Say you'll be mine,
Come let me whisper in your ear,
Way down yonder in the old corn field,
For you—I pine;
Sweeter than the honey, to the honey
bee,
I love you, say you love me,
Meet me in the shade of the old apple
tree;
E-fer, I-fer, O-fer, Eveline.

JOLLY AGGIE

Oh the king will take the queen,
And the queen will take the jack,
And now we're in your company,
We'll drink to all the pack.

CHORUS

Here's to you my jovial friend,
Here's to you with all my heart,
And now we're in your company,
We'll drink before we part,
Here's to you—Jolly Aggie.

Oh the ten will take the nine,
And the nine will take the eight,
And now we're in your company,
We won't go home 'till late. (*Chorus*)

Oh the seven will take the six,
And the five will take the four,
And now we're in your company,
We'll have a bottle more. (*Chorus*)

Oh the three will take the deuce,
And the deuce will take them all,
And now we're in your company,
We won't go home at all. (*Chorus*)

DOWN BY THE STREAM

Down by the stream,
Where I first met Rebecca.
Down by the stream,
Where the sun loves to shine,
Bright were the garlands
I wove for Rebecca,
Bright were her eyes as they gazed
into mine.

One, two, three, four,
Sometimes I wish there were more,
Ein, zwei, drei, vier,
I love the one that's near;
Yen, nee, sen, see,
So says the heathen Chineese;
Fair girls bereft,
There will be left,
One, two and three.

IN THE EVENING

In the evening by the moonlight,
You could hear those darkies singing,
In the evening by the moonlight,
You could hear those banjos ringing.
How the old folks did enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen,
As we sang in the evening by the
moonlight.

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad,
All the livelong day,
I've been working on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away.

Don't you hear the whistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn,
Don't you hear the captain shouting,
"Dinah blow your horn."

BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream,
Where I first met you,
With your eyes so blue,
Dressed in gingham too,
It was there I knew,
That you loved me true;
You were sixteen,
My village queen,
By the old mill stream.

AGGIE, MY AGGIE

Aggie, my Aggie,
My heart yearns for thee.
Yearns for thy campus,
And the old elm trees,
Long may we cherish,
In years yet to be,
Long may we cherish,
M. A. C.

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